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THE CONGRESSES AT GENEVA AND LAUSANNE.

MR. CARLYLE'S characteristic hatred of "Incontinence of Tongue," of "Eloquent unperformed Speech," must be exasperated beyond even its customary bitterness this autumn. Every year indeed plunges us, about the season of partridge-shooting, into a chaos of conferences, congresses, commemorations—"palavers" of every kind. This year has been marked by a peculiar fecundity in these harmless exercitations, probably because the Exposition has turned out everybody upon a holiday, and so many people cannot enjoy their holidays without some laborious trifling to expend their energies upon. At home we have had only the usual semi-scientific gabble of the British Association, to be followed by its more feeble imitation, the Social Science Congress. On the Continent, however, the spirit of talk is much more active: congresses, religious, political, social, and scientific, may be enumerated by dozens. At Innspruck the Catholics of Europe meet to offer mutual consolation, and to bewail the spread of the revolutionary and infidel ideas. At Amsterdam the Calvinists of Europe have already had their talk out. Paris has literally swarmed with extemporized debating clubs, with physicians, abolitionists, and crotchetmongers, of all sorts, enjoying the long-winded luxury of unpractical discussion. But it is on the shores of Lake Leman, among the recollections of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Gibbon and Byron, that the most remarkable assemblages of this stirring season have taken place; at Geneva, the centre of so many great intellectual movements of modern times, the International Congress of Peace has held its first sitting, and at Lausanne, where the greatest of English historians completed his magnificent work, the working men of Europe have assembled in solemn conference. The latter demonstration, for it was scarcely intended for anything more than this, was concluded a week ago, but the former and more important commenced its session only on Monday, and closed on Thursday with a commemorative banquet.

The Peace Congress derived its interest from two sources. The dispiriting rumours of war which have disturbed Europe for the past twelve months have made men ready to clutch at the merest shadow of a guarantee for the maintenance of public tranquillity. This in itself would have sufficed to attract attention to the proceedings of the Congress; but, besides this, the announcement of Garibaldi's adhesion to the scheme, and the news of his intended visit, gave rise to many speculations, and not a few satirical remarks. It is, indeed, a sufficiently strange spectacle, that of the greatest European soldier lifting the olive branch without laying by the sword. But the proceedings of the Congress have averted from it the imputation of all but a nominal inconsistency. Unlike the English Peace Society, or the "Ligne de la Paix," lately organized in France, the Congress does not affect to seek for peace as an immediate end, the attainment of which is to be made the first object of freemen. It simply maintains, as it appears to us, the proposition, which only a few madmen, like the hero of Mr. Tennyson's "Maud," will be found ready to deny, that when there is nothing to be gained, neither liberty nor material security, by going to war, it will be more desirable to have peace. Before this millennium comes, the tyrants of the earth and their mercenary armies must be overthrown and abolished. Universal Peace can only gladden the reign of Universal Democracy. We are not surprised that Garibaldi finds it quite consistent, in accordance with

these principles, to cry in the same breath, "Peace! Peace!" and "On to Rome." On these principles, indeed, the latter cry must precede the former; the latter aspiration must be translated into fact before we can hope to achieve the former. And this shows very clearly that the Congress ought not to bear the name it assumes. Peace is no more the direct aim of an organization which seeks to establish "the United States of Europe" than it is of the British Association, or the Social Science Congress, or the Religious Conferences at Innspruck or Amsterdam. It may be contended that the spread of democracy tends to establish peace. The theory is open to very great doubts; but even admitting its correctness, as much surely might be said of the spread of science, political knowledge, and religion. Science, political knowledge, and religion all profess, no less distinctly than democracy, to desire the permanent establishment of peace, and if the name of Peace Congress be worth taking they have as good a claim to it as the Congress at Geneva. In fact the disguise of peace principles was very thin and very carelessly worn. The men who met at Geneva did not conceal that their first object was to reorganize, to infuse new life into the democratic party, to knit the ties which bind republicans together closer, to resuscitate "red" principles from the grave in which they were buried in 1848. The attempt was not to be wholly condemned, for though the practical evils of revolution may be disheartening enough, it is the revolutionary spirit that is the salt of European liberty and civilization. Only the other day the *Times* made mirth over the collapse of the ideals which gave that great impulse to the freedom of men nigh twenty years ago.

It is quite certain, however, the Congress has done little to establish peace principles in the sense in which the Manchester school accepts them; its deliberations will not, we fear, be very potent to restrain the jealousies of France and Prussia. They distinctly decline to plead for the maintenance of peace in Italy so long as Rome is kept in bondage to the temporal power; nor probably would anybody, except a Quaker, desire that they should so plead. But it is more important to inquire what result is likely to follow the discussions at Geneva in respect to the real object of the Congress—the propagandism of democracy. It is not clear that the attempt to excite anew the enthusiasm of the "Reds" has been very successful. Garibaldi is the only eminent republican who has taken a prominent part in the proceedings, and he is as feeble in council as he is strong in the field. Several other great names were mentioned. Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Jules Favre—but none of these illustrious "Reds" appeared at the Genevese debates. The time may have appeared inopportune to some, the policy sketched by the Congress too visionary to others; for one reason or another, the task of inaugurating what is thought to be a new phase in European democracy was left to Garibaldi alone. Even the distinguished leader of the Genevese Republicans, M. Fazy, resigned his office as Vice-President of the Congress, though the great Italian was his guest. So far the prospects of the International League of Democracy, as it ought to be called, do not seem very cheering. It is at Lausanne rather than at Geneva that the hopes of republicans and of lovers of peace receive encouragement. The programme of the International Congress of Workmen is not a whit more practical than the policy which Garibaldi proclaims: it embraces the same ideals, it aims at the same Utopias. But it should not be forgotten that changes which even great popular leaders are impotent to accomplish by

themselves, are brought about quickly and quietly when once the masses have taken them to heart. In 1848, as the democratic leaders have proclaimed, and as we have every reason to believe, the failure of the Republican movements throughout Europe was attributable not more to their immaturity than to their want of cohesion. Isolation was ruin; democrats know this, and the organization of such International Leagues of associated labour, similar to the one which has assembled in its annual session at Lausanne, is the means they have established to provide against their defeat in the future.

It is easy enough to ridicule the proceedings both at Geneva and Lausanne; it is easy to laugh at the artisan-deputies at the latter place debating eagerly in ignorance of each other's language, and there is much more than this that is "fair game for the laughers." "But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned." Nor, Macaulay might have added, the philosophy of politics either. There is matter for serious thought in these renewed struggles of the democratic Enceladus, something more worthy to arrest the attention of the statesman and the thinker, than the image of "Garibaldi in a Quaker's broad-brim," which overcomes the gravity of the *Times*. The revival of questions which have slumbered since the "Year of Revolutions" may suggest to us the consideration whether, after all, we have reached that political elevation where revolutionary storms become no longer possible, because no longer necessary. We have perhaps reason, more than we now imagine, to congratulate ourselves that our revolution has come so soon, and in so mild a shape as the Beales-Dickson confraternity. Popular agitation can now be hardly possible, even on a Chartist programme, with us. But are the monarchies of "order," the despotic edifices piled on the ruins of 1848, secure against another cataclysm? Are the Napoleons, the Bismarcks, the Hapsburgs, the Narvaez, prepared to face "a hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher"? Though not too early, we have purchased in time the allegiance of our working classes, at least to the substantial and worthy parts of our social order; but the despots have not attempted even to make the bargain. There is now a not less dangerous accumulation of suppressed energies, of yearnings for liberty, beneath the smooth surface of European quietude than there was in 1848. A spark may ignite the mass, and then where would be the monarchs and their "order"? These movements of popular forces, of associated labour, these attempts to establish a solidarity of democratic energies, mean something. It is time that some of the Absolutists should begin to reckon with their peoples. Each year the Sibyl's books will diminish in number. The people will offer less and less privileges in exchange for liberty. Count von Bismarck alone among despotic statesmen seems to have recognised the danger which threatens his master, and his policy leans emphatically towards Liberal institutions. But in France, the country of the Revolution, there is no sign. No false pride should deter rulers from being wise, however late wisdom may come to them: it is even now the accepted time; to-morrow the word may be "Time has been." The Congress of Peace may give the signal for democratic war; it may realize by that way the Utopia it sighs for, or may bring to pass only the curses of the People's enemies.

KING WILLIAM'S SPEECH.

AT a moment when the wildest guesses are being made at his secret thoughts and purposes, the King of Prussia has spoken. We are not of those who believe much in the importance or significance of Royal speeches; but in so far as these are considered to be indicative of political possibilities, there can be no doubt that King William's address ostensibly means peace. Throughout it is undeniably pacific; but it is also as firm and resolute as the Hohenzollern mind itself. There are none of the moral platitudes of ordinary Royal speeches in this short business-like introduction to the labours of the Confederate Parliament. While English Royal speeches would seem to be written by a grandiloquent sugar-broker, and those of the French Emperor by a feuilletonist who mimicked Georges Sand, the addresses from the Prussian throne are almost always statesmanlike productions, in which a discreet reticence does not become the embarrassed silence of a bungler, nor a modest survey of the future the vapid vaticinations of a political Zadkiel. At this present moment, it is admitted on every hand that the immediate future of Europe rests with the King of Prussia. For once France has abdicated her proud position of being the arbitrator of European affairs; and, despite the rather awkward ravings of certain Parisian papers, humbly waits to see whether, after all, Prussia may not be as anxious as herself to avoid the cost of a war. Now it is very clear that

in this speech M. Bismarck's Royal pupil betrays not the slightest inclination whatever to recede from that position of being the champion of German unification which Prussia has for so many years coveted. The Salzburg interview has not at all terrified the northern monarch into abandoning that consolidation of the Fatherland which Prussia has been more or less openly endeavouring to accomplish ever since the Treaty of Vienna. For the most part, the subject of the adhesion of the southern States to the Prussian Crown has been ignored, and, indeed, it may be asked why the subject should have been mentioned, when the adhesion, so far as military strength is concerned, is already complete. The armies of the South German nationalities are already nominally under the sway of the Prussian sceptre; and there can be no doubt that a declaration of war on the part of France would be the surest and swiftest means of backing that military co-partnership with all the fervour of popular impulse. The South Germans do not like the Prussians. In the larger towns, and among those who hold philosophical theories of German unity, this contract with Prussia is looked on with some favour; but the general feeling of the people, especially in the Roman Catholic districts, is not with Prussia. In Baden, for instance, where, last year, the Heidelberg people strewed wreaths of leaves and flowers in the path of King William's soldiers as they marched out of the town, the Prussian alliance is looked on with disfavour alike by the Roman Catholics, who form the majority of the population in the country districts south of Carlsruhe, and by the Republicans, who remember how Prussia, in the person of her present king, mercilessly crushed out the risings of 1848. There is but one thing wanting to combine these heterogeneous elements under the Prussian flag—or, in other words, to Prussianize the whole of South Germany—and that is a declaration of war by the French Emperor.

King William's speech is mostly mercantile. But it must not be forgotten that the Zollverein, which is likely soon to play an important part in the drawing together of non-Austrian Germany, was, at its institution in 1831, as much a political as a commercial speculation. Prussia then, as now, was the apostle of liberal opinions, freedom of thought, freedom of trade, and German unity. She saw that one immediate and important means of drawing the smaller States into closer connection with herself was to offer them such mercantile opportunities as none but the most bigoted and blindest could have refused. But the Zollverein of the present day is likely to achieve a political purpose even more palpable. There was a quaint humour in the announcement of the *North German Gazette*, in June last, that "it had been found necessary" to extend to the Zollverein those regulations of decision by vote, &c., which prevailed in the North German Constitution. What was the inevitable result? The South German peoples were invited to send deputies "to take part in the deliberations of the North German Parliament upon questions relating to Customs;" and, in like manner, the Governments of these South German States were to send representatives to the Federal Council. This was, of course, but the first step; though as yet we have not had time to gather any further results. The deputies have been sent; and in this matter at least, have practically caused their respective Governments to become part and parcel of the North German Confederation. With the armies of the Southern States under the command of the King of Prussia, and with South German deputies sitting in the North German Parliament in order to regulate the commercial affairs of the countries on both sides of the Maine, it is hard to say what further "step" towards the unification of Germany it is which France, according to the editors of the warlike papers, means to resist at the point of the sword. It is not likely that King William will seek to call himself Emperor.

The States now formally included in the North German Confederation seem to have accepted their fate in a placid manner. It is true that the populations of the annexed or allied countries dread equally the heavy taxation of Prussia, and her universal conscription; but a variety of causes has hitherto kept the delegates from these lesser States in a wonderfully pacific and conciliatory attitude. Indeed, King William has, within the past two or three years, been a singularly lucky monarch. All his schemes have been forwarded by such a series of coincidences as he certainly would never have anticipated, being indebted for most of them to his bitterest enemies. It will be remembered, for instance, how aggressive was the programme put forth by the extreme Liberals of this North German Parliament; and how, also, in its last session, when it was busy decreeing its own existence, the Parliament carried a number of propositions of a purely democratic character. What was to become of Prussia as an individual kingdom, or

of that autocratic power over his army and navy which King William so delights to wield, if these resolutions were insisted on? Was the whole scheme of a North German Confederation to fall to the ground? At that very moment France again became bellicose; agreeing to forego a seizure of the Rhine Provinces, she began to murmur of Luxembourg. In a trice it was not German State against State, but Germany against France; and the Parliament, without a protest, dismissed these obnoxious resolutions, accepted such a constitution as Count Bismarck thought was best, and began to look only towards the south-west. So it seems there has been no desire on the part of the smaller States to withdraw from the compact then concluded; and King William may reasonably congratulate himself on the fact that "the constitution of the North German Confederation has in a constitutional manner become law in all the Federal States." Peace and strength, therefore, prevail at home; and the Prussian eagle, from its not very picturesque solitude of Potsdam, may contemplate Europe without a tremor. What is passing within its brain at this moment only one man can tell.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE late Secretary of War certainly never managed to inflict upon the President so damaging a blow as that which his temporary successor has dealt immediately on assuming office. It was the natural and general conclusion that the object of the President in appointing General Grant to Mr. Stanton's place was to bring to the side of his policy the weight and influence of the conqueror of Richmond and the Lieutenant-General of the United States. The chief issue between himself and the late Secretary of War was the retention of General Sheridan at New Orleans, this officer having, by his eager and effective application of the measures of reconstruction passed by Congress, become a representative man of the policy inimical to that of Mr. Johnson. Whatever opposition Mr. Stanton may have offered to the removal of Sheridan was limited, at least, to conversational and unpublished protests made in the privacy of Cabinet meetings. But General Grant has availed himself of the prominence of his new position to protest publicly against the removal of Sheridan on grounds particularly offensive to the President, and consequently strengthening to the position of Congress. He avails himself of the opportunity "to urge—earnestly urge—urge in the name of a patriotic people who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives and thousands of millions of treasure to preserve the integrity and union of this country—that this order be not insisted on. It is unmistakably the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command. This is a Republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard."

"General Sheridan," he adds, "has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unreconstructed element in the South—those who did all they could to break up this Government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order—as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

Every word of this stirring protest reaches beyond the immediate case of the New Orleans administration, and strikes at the entire course and present position of the President. In opposition to the claim of the latter that Congress does not represent the will of the country, General Grant declares that the support of the military representative of the Congressional policy is "unmistakably" the wish of the country. He ignores the question of the non-representation of the South in Congress. To maintain that the officer most obnoxious to the President has discharged his duty faithfully and intelligently, virtually charges the Chief Magistrate with unfaithfulness and folly; nay, the new Secretary even goes so far as to intimate that the President's course is materially abetting an element in the South which is ready again to assume an attitude of violent hostility to the North.

That after this letter the President should have persisted in removing Sheridan shows him to be a bold man, but of the kind of boldness that led Sam Patch to leap upon the Genessee Falls—to his destruction. It cannot admit of a moment's doubt that the Lieutenant-General's opinion will be final with the loyal American masses. By the theory of the American Government the President is *ex-officio* commander of the land and naval forces of the country, but the Lieutenant-General is practically the commander, and it is his especial business to

know the condition and wants of the nation in everything that affects military administration. The President, in setting aside the advice of the military chief in a military matter, must necessarily be regarded as availingly himself of a power meant to be nominal for his own political ends. And there are circumstances connected with this particular case that can hardly fail to intensify public indignation against him. One of these circumstances is that the general who has been removed from New Orleans has in no wise been the subject of personal reproach. It is not contended that he has dabbled in cotton speculations, or confiscated rebel furniture for his own use, or issued insulting orders concerning Southern ladies; it is alleged only that he has carried out *con amore* the laws passed by the Congress of the United States. And that his promptness in this respect is the result both of his loyalty and his conviction of the necessity of those laws will be inferred, from the fact that his political sympathies have hitherto been with the democratic party which alone supports Mr. Johnson in the North. But the strongest circumstance of the case is that General Grant's politics have also been hitherto democratic. Nor have the events of the last few years sufficed to elicit from him any expression of anti-slavery, anti-Southern, or even of moderate republican views. He has on these subjects been so reticent that each party has spoken of him in connection with its coming presidential nomination.

During his long struggle with Lee in Virginia, Grant issued no proclamation against the South which savoured of partisan feeling, and he had the almost singular fortune of conquering his foe without rendering himself amenable to any charges from that foe of inhumanity. The protest which he has now addressed to the President is in phrases of earnestness and even excitement, whose impression will be much enhanced by the notorious moderation of their author,—a moderation which the President himself seems to have fatally misunderstood.

The reply of the President to General Grant is calculated to exasperate his opponents to the utmost. "While I am cognizant," he says, "of the efforts that have been made to retain General Sheridan in command of the Fifth Military District, I am not aware that the question has been submitted to the people themselves for determination." Such expressions as this, indicating the resolution of the President, in defiance of the national Legislature, to ascribe to those recently in arms against the Government an equal authority with those who defended it, will probably alarm the Northern people, and lead them to lend a willing ear to the proposition for impeachment. This *ultima ratio* of the Republic has now been assented to by the *New York Tribune* and other journals and statesmen who have hitherto stoutly resisted it. "The country," writes Mr. Greeley, "needs adjustment, security, tranquillity, repose, and he persists in keeping it unsettled, distracted, angry, and apprehensive. It cannot be thus disturbed and convulsed for ever to humour the caprices and gratify the passions of any one." This seems to be now the voice of the most reluctant in the North. No one now seems to believe that the President means to execute the laws faithfully. When the President says that in New Orleans "a bitter spirit of antagonism seems to have resulted from General Sheridan's management," the country will probably remember that a similarly bitter antagonism resulted a few years ago from General Grant's "management" before Richmond; and when he declares that "his rule has, in fact, been one of absolute tyranny, without reference to the principles of our Government or the nature of our free institutions," it will no doubt remind him that Sheridan is not the Supreme Court; that he was appointed to execute laws not to analyze their principles; and that to say that his faithful and literal execution of them is "absolute tyranny" amounts simply to a confession that he, though sworn, as President, to execute the laws of the United States, will not execute them. This, of course, closes the argument between the President and Congress and remits the settlement to another set of weapons altogether. The President may protest that this or that will destroy the Republic; his declaration that negro voting would bring on a war of races has been followed by the orderly election in Tennessee, in which 60,000 negroes voted with the whites; but beneath all is the main fact that when his vetoes were overborne in the manner prescribed by Congress his opinions about the laws became of no more legal importance than those of his unofficial countrymen. Any hesitation in the execution of those laws whilst he occupies the Presidential Chair must force upon Congress a trial of physical strength with him; and to this all signs now seem to point.

The letter of General Grant is also of great importance in another respect. It simplifies the question of the presidential succession. He has been for some time an inevitable fact in all political plans, each party fearing that it might have to

contend with his military renown and with the popular gratitude toward him, if it nominated any one else, yet each fearing that if elected he would not represent its principles. Having now determined to sustain Congress, there is no longer enough ambiguity about General Grant's views to prevent the Republicans uniting upon him. For the rest, it is not only admiration for military glory that inclines the people to select General Grant to the next Presidency; they are keeping a military government in the South side by side with civil authority; and they can hardly hope to complete the work of reconstruction without the co-operation of both kinds of power in emergencies that must arise. It is natural that they should trust one whose courage and patriotism have been fully tested, and whose name, already associated with the great victory over disunion, is now found at the head of those that sustain the people in their demand for a thorough and just reconstruction.

JUSTICE AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

ENGLISHMEN are justly proud of the manner in which justice is administered in our superior courts. We are fond of contrasting the serene impartiality, the perfect temper, the cautious avoidance of anything like pressing a case against a prisoner, the merciful leaning towards the side of innocence, which almost invariably distinguish her Majesty's judges, with the opposite qualities which are too often displayed by those who preside over the criminal tribunals of foreign countries. But it may well be doubted whether there is so much cause for national self-complacency in the working of the inferior courts which are scattered through the country. The non-legal chairmen of our Courts of Quarter Sessions are by no means models of judicial impartiality; and although the recorders of small boroughs are free from the class prejudices which often sway the judgment and inflame the temper of country gentlemen, it is impossible to deny that a large proportion of them are fitted neither by ability nor by professional attainments for the important positions which they fill. But it is not necessary to go into the provinces, or to wander through the agricultural districts, in order to find courts in which justice of a very different kind is dealt out than that which is to be met with at the assizes, or at the Central Criminal Court. A recent case has attracted a good deal of public attention to the way in which the law is administered at the Middlesex Sessions; and most people, with any sense of the proportion which ought to exist between guilt and punishment, have been scandalized at the sentence which consigned a poor woman to eight months' imprisonment for appropriating a few shillings belonging to a man who had seduced her, and with whom she had been living as his wife. We should be glad to think that this is a solitary instance of Draconian severity on the part of the learned judge from whom it proceeded. But it is unhappily notorious in the legal profession, and amongst those who have from various causes been led to study the judicial statistics of the metropolis, that the punishments awarded at the sessions in question are far more heavy, and are, moreover, inflicted with far less discrimination than is the case at the Central Criminal Court. Nor is that all. If any one, after listening in the latter court to a summing-up from the Recorder of London, the Common Serjeant, or any one of the common law judges who may happen to be on the rota, passes northwards to the dingy hall on Clerkenwell-green, he will find himself in altogether a different judicial atmosphere. There is, indeed, no deficiency in point of capacity or learning on the part of the assistant-judge, Sir William Bodkin. While at the bar he was one of the most distinguished criminal lawyers of his time. No one was more remarkable for his powers of lucid statement, of skilful dissection of evidence, or of adroit management of the cases committed to his charge. His practice was almost entirely confined to prosecutions, but as a prosecuting counsel few members of his profession have in recent times been superior to him; and as a judge, whatever else may be said of him this will be readily admitted, that he is thoroughly up to his work, and that he is, as he should be, completely master in his own court. No one who knows anything about him doubts his earnest desire to do perfect justice in every case brought before him. But it is difficult to rid oneself of the association of a life-time; and after regarding prisoners almost exclusively from one point of view during a long career, it is scarcely possible that a man should altogether fling aside his established habits of thought. The bias may be, and no doubt is, unconscious; but it exists nevertheless. There may be the utmost desire to place the facts of the case fairly before a jury; but there can scarcely be that perfect indifference to the conclusion arrived at which we like

to see in a judge whose duty it is simply to submit the facts to the "twelve men in a box." When the ancient war-horse hears the trumpet we all know what happens. And we cannot listen to Sir William Bodkin without feeling that the old instinct is too strong in him for perfect impartiality. There is indeed no ostensible straining of a case against a prisoner. The facts for and against him are duly placed before the jury. But still one set of facts always seems to tell with far greater weight than the other. There are looks and tones by which a judge can convey a comment while he seems to be simply making a statement, and can lead a jury while he appears to be merely referring a case to their consideration. There is a mode of commenting on the speech of the counsel for the prisoner which makes the charge of the judge naturally a reply on the defence. There is a way of giving the conventional admonition that the prisoner "ought to have the benefit of a doubt," which renders it a mere mockery, and even makes it convey the idea that the possibility of a doubt is a wild supposition, unworthy the attention of a reasonable man. It is not sufficient that a judge should do justice; it is necessary that he should convey the impression that he does it. And the frequent efforts made by those intrusted with the defence of prisoners to induce magistrates to commit cases to the Central Criminal Court rather than to the Middlesex Sessions, shows, in a very unequivocal manner, that the latter court does not command to as large an extent as it ought to do the confidence of that portion of the legal profession which is most conversant with its merits.

If Sir William Bodkin disposed of the whole calendar at the Middlesex Sessions, it is not likely that the public would be scandalized by the proceedings of the court. He is too wary, and, indeed, he is too competent for his work, to give much opening to public comment or much opportunity for public criticism. It is through the proceedings of the deputy-assistant judge, Mr. Payne, that the court obtains the disagreeable and unenviable notoriety which certainly attaches to it. The appointment held by that gentleman is in itself an absurd anomaly, which ought not to be allowed to continue for a single day. He is nominated not by the Home Secretary, but by the assistant judge; and we believe that he holds his office entirely during the pleasure of the latter. Although filling an important judicial office, he has no judicial independence; and although he discharges functions very much more important than those of a metropolitan police-magistrate, he does not receive half the salary. As if that were not enough, his remuneration, such as it is, is given him in the most objectionable manner. Instead of receiving a fixed salary, he is paid five guineas a day; so that he has a positive interest in making the business last as long as possible, instead of despatching it as quickly as is consistent with the interests of justice. He receives a premium upon the delivery of prosy summings-up; upon tedious and utterly irrelevant inquiries into the antecedents or surroundings of persons who have been convicted or have pleaded guilty; and, in fact, upon loose talk and flabby twaddle in general. A good judge might well be spoiled by such a system. A bad one is rendered much worse than nature made him. Mr. Payne's defects are not, indeed, merely traceable to the "system." Although he is a very estimable member of the Teetotal Society; is invaluable on the platform of a Ragged-school meeting; and is known to have composed some thousands of doggerel verses, which are, if anything, rather worse than those of the Poet Close—he is glaringly deficient in judicial power and capacity. He cannot, to begin with, keep order in his own court. It is in his court that we are constantly hearing of those unseemly altercations between the bar and the bench, which have created a tolerably universal, and not altogether unfounded, impression that the Middlesex Sessions is a kind of legal bear-garden. And although it is no doubt true that some members of the bar have acted most improperly on these occasions, it is not less true that "rampageousness" on the part of the bullies and black sheep of the profession, is a clear proof of the weakness and incompetency of the judge in whose court it breaks out. These gentry never attempt to play off their tricks in a court which is presided over by a competent man. Besides, although in some instances the behaviour of the bar has been open to just exception, this has by no means always been the case. Many of these altercations have been provoked by the disposition of the judge to press the case with undue severity and pertinacity against the prisoner; or by the infliction of punishments as monstrous in their severity as that awarded to the unfortunate Augusta Mitchell. Leaving, however, the quarrels between the bench and bar out of the question, the proceedings in this court are of the most unsatisfactory kind. No one, except those whose

duties have compelled them to be present, can form any adequate idea of the weary waste of public time which takes place, in consequence of the "fumbling" way—we can find no better phrase—in which trials are conducted. Even before verdict, evidence which is only in the faintest degree relevant to the issue is frequently gone into at inordinate length; while the sort of gossiping discussion which constantly takes place over sentencing a prisoner can hardly be said to have any bounds at all. The decision of the judge on such points of law as arise is treated by the bar with a disrespect which we cannot say is undeserved, and which certainly leads to incessant wranglings and delay. From the want of a firm hand over them little or no check is imposed on the tendency of the counsel engaged in cases to squabble amongst themselves. And if they were noticeable for nothing else, the charges of the judge to the jury would be remarkable for their tiresome and confusing prolixity. But they have, we are sorry to say, a more serious defect. They are too often distinguished by something which looks quite sufficiently like a prosecuting *animus* to justify the indignation which it not unfrequently provokes; and although we entirely acquit the learned gentleman of any intentional injustice, we must say that he is often singularly unsuccessful in maintaining an appearance of judicial equilibrium. When we add that the sentences pronounced in this court are often crashing in their severity, and that they are distributed on principles which defy comprehension, we shall have said enough to account for the distrust with which such a tribunal is universally regarded in professional circles. It is to be hoped that the attention which has been drawn to it by the case of Augusta Mitchell will not be altogether relaxed. We are aware of the calls that are made upon the space of our daily contemporaries; but at this dead season of the year they might manage to give us somewhat fuller and more independent reports than they do of the proceedings of a court in which the poorer classes of the metropolis at all events are so deeply interested. As long as we are compelled to put up with a judge so imperfectly qualified for his position as is Mr. Payne, either by learning or by judicial ability, the best palliative of the evil will be found in such a check as may be administered to his vagaries by giving to them the fullest publicity. But we cannot help hoping that before long the Home Secretary may be induced to apply a still more radical remedy to the mischief.

THE CANAL CAVOUR.

No. I.

WHILE the unification of Italy was yet a dream, and before the troops of the King of Sardinia had won the admiration of Europe by their victory over the Russians on the Tchernaya, Count Cavour had initiated one of those peaceful triumphs on which, when the fortune of war has done its best for any people, their permanent prosperity must depend. It had long been felt by the landowners of the Vercellese territory that the then existing means of irrigation were inadequate to the wants of the agricultural population; and as Piedmont, like the rest of Italy, derives its wealth mainly from the soil, any defect which lessened its fertility was, according to its extent, more or less a disaster. As long as the skies rendered to the earth its requisite supply of water, all would be well. But failing this, and in the absence of any artificial substitute, the population would be reduced to serious straits. A succession of droughts would be a national calamity, irreparable while it lasted, in a country without manufactures, and without any great commercial interest whose resources could be taxed or stimulated to make up for the failure of natural produce. For centuries there had existed a system of canals for the purposes of irrigation; but they had this grand defect, namely, that their extent was inadequate to the requirements of the land. They contained an idea, which could be utilized for the signal benefit of Piedmont, but which required, to that end, that they should be largely developed. Count Cavour saw this, and in 1853 he founded the Company of Landowners of the Vercellese territory, and a law was obtained from Parliament on the 3rd of July in that year by which a lease of the waters of the Domainial Canals was granted to the Company for thirty years, the Company binding themselves to pay a certain price per module for those waters, and to execute all the works of the subsidiary channels which were to extend the system of irrigation. The result was a great success. The canals, fed by the Dora Baltea and the Sesia, were largely developed, and although these rivers are replenished by water running direct from the glaciers—

melted snow, in fact, cold and clear, and which the soil has first to endow with its own warmth before it can receive from it any fertilizing property—the Vercellese Association at once produced the most splendid results, as compared with the state of things which had preceded it. That it did not benefit others without benefiting itself our readers will readily perceive when we state that the total revenues of the Domainial Canals which, in 1863, amounted to 937,163 lire, were 1,041,487 lire in 1864, and 1,156,508 lire in 1865.

But the success of the Association proved nothing more clearly than the necessity for yet further effort in the same direction. It had conferred great benefits on the lands embraced in its system of canals. But their extent was limited. It covered only a small portion of the vast plain which lies at the feet of the Italian Alps. And here again it was Cavour who designed the field of the new operations, and gave them the impulse of his genius and enthusiasm. While rambling in the neighbourhood of his ancestral estate, in company with his friend and yoke-fellow in the great work of Italian unification, Sir James Hudson, he would at times pause in the discussion of problems of the highest political importance, to point out the advantages which would be obtained by a better system of irrigation even than that of the Vercellese Association. In one of these rambles, looking down from a height and pointing towards the Po, he is known to have uttered the prophetic words, "Could I but get that river to flow through these plains, I should double the value of the soil." This aspiration has been practically realized in the Canal Cavour, and both for the fact itself and for the honour she owes to the memory of her great statesman, Italy ought to be proud of its accomplishment. It has shown a capacity to overcome the greatest difficulties of hydraulic engineering, and a determination to utilize to their utmost the means of developing the resources of the country. We must bear in mind, too, the period at which the work was commenced, in order to give due honour to those whose perseverance and energy successfully achieved it. It was immediately after the tremendous excitement occasioned by the struggles which began with the campaign in Lombardy, and ended in the annexation of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies—a period of exultation, but also of disappointment and mortification; which stopped short of Venetia, and purchased Lombardy with Nice and Savoy; and which had the difficult task to accomplish of reconciling enemies, of restraining injudicious friends, and of creating an army which should one day, as the Italians hoped, wrest the remainder of her prey from Austria single-handed. In pursuance of Cavour's long-cherished design, a law was passed on the 25th of August, 1862, for the establishment of the Italian Irrigation Canal Company, but as it was found necessary to reinforce Italian skill with English capital, a company was formed in London, under the highest auspices, to carry out the object in view, with a capital of £3,200,000. The enterprise was divided under three heads:—1st, the purchase of the Domainial Canals; 2nd, the construction of a grand canal, which should carry the waters of the Po to the Ticino; 3rd, the construction or purchase of certain subsidiary canals, which should distribute the water where it was needed. In its Project of Law the Government recognised the necessity for this work in remarkable terms. It declared that the want of it was "a grave and serious injury to public and private prosperity," and it admitted that it was a want which Italy, of herself, was obviously unable to remedy. We pass over for the moment the means by which the capital was eventually raised, simply observing that, but for the goodwill which this country bore to Italy, its sympathy with her in her efforts towards unity, and its strong desire for her prosperity, the Canal Cavour would never have been constructed. The capital subscribed was secured upon the property of the Company, existing and to be created, and the honour of the Italian Government was pledged to the English capitalists, who advanced their money distinctly on this joint and several security. Thus fortified, the Company set to work, and in about a year less than the stipulated time, the Grand Canal, commencing at Chiavasso, and running thence a length of eighty-three kilometres to the banks of the Ticino, at a great height above the level of that river, was completed, and on the 12th of April, 1866, it received the waters of the Po, flowing in a broad, yellow, fertilizing stream from the Po to the Terdoppio, into which, until the Government determines how the canal shall flow into the Ticino, the surplus water empties itself.

We can readily understand the intense anxiety with which Government and people regarded the inauguration of the canal. The heir to the Crown had attended the laying of the first stone, the King's brother presided over the completion of the work. Men of science came to admire the genius by which

engineering difficulties of magnitude had been overcome, and a great national work accomplished. Bishops were there to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon it, and crowds of people flocked from all parts of the country to celebrate an event of incalculable interest to men who had just suffered the fatality of three successive years of drought, who had lost their revenues with their harvests, and who were promised in the Canal Cavour an exemption from such perils for the future. By the middle of April the new system of irrigation was at work, or, to use an expression which has acquired great importance in connection with the history of the canal, was "in exercise." The waters of the Po flowed through the grand aqueduct, and by means of numerous channel-heads were distributed thence for irrigation, westward of the Sesia to the Vercellese Association, and eastward to the Lomellino and Novarese territories. The practical results of the new system proved to be all and more than were promised in its name, as may be gathered from facts which we have ourselves obtained upon the spot. We have seen the success of the Vercellese Association, distributing only the cold waters of the glaciers. The same estates now irrigated by the waters of the Po have been more than doubled in value. Lands which formerly brought 120 francs for the hectare are now valued at 300 francs. Their produce is double what it was. Rice grown upon them is from twelve to fifteen inches taller, and in proportion more luxuriant, than that of lands fertilized by torrent-water—i.e., water from the glaciers. Of course, the Government profits by these results. According to the estimate of first-class engineers upon the spot, the supply of water afforded by the Canal Cavour—*independent of other waters derived from the Domainial Canals*—is equal to the irrigation of 150,000 English acres. At an average rent of 100 francs per acre, by no means an excessive estimate, the rental of the land irrigated by the Canal Cavour would amount to a total of 1,500,000 francs, or £600,000, upon which the Government would receive a revenue of about £30,000 per annum. Observe that this is only the direct profit derived by the Government from the canal, and is quite independent of the pecuniary results which will accrue to it through the increase of the general prosperity. And observe also that thus to the very letter has been realized the prophetic vision of Italy's great statesman. The waters of the Po have been distributed over the plains, fertilizing them with the rich, yellow, alluvial deposit, and the soil, as he foretold it would be, has been indeed "doubled in value."

And yet, if the latest news be true—and, incredible as it appears, we fear we cannot doubt it,—this magnificent national enterprise has been allowed to drift into bankruptcy at the instance of its local creditors! Such a catastrophe is one of the most astounding character. Can it be possible that the Government of that Italy which owes its unity to the genius of Cavour, can suffer his name to be sullied by disgraceful connection with a bankrupt speculation? Surely it cannot be that those who supplied the funds by which one of the darling projects of his life has been realized, will be allowed to say that they ventured their money upon the good faith and honour of Italy, and on the explicit guarantee of its Government, and that when the time came for them to test the value of this security, it crumbled to dust in their hands. We should be loth to come hastily to such a conclusion. We would far rather believe that the guarantee of the Italian Government will be found amply sufficient to indemnify its creditors. It was upon the faith of that guarantee that they advanced their capital. The pledge of the Company's property was only a secondary security, as is manifest from the fact that until the guarantee was given English investors absolutely refused to subscribe to the undertaking. And now that the Company is in bankruptcy, it is impossible to gauge the extent of the calamity it involves, whether as regards the interests of those who have been almost brought to ruin by the collapse of an institution which was justly regarded as one of the soundest investments of the day, or whether we consider the fatal consequences to the credit and honour of that kingdom with whose struggles to attain its just position in Europe Englishmen have sympathized so earnestly. The alarm excited by this event in all classes of society has raised it to the importance of a question which is national here as well as in Italy. And as we have in this article traced the origin of the canal, the means by which it was realized, and the great advantages it has bestowed upon Italy, we shall next week, in the endeavour to put the English public in full possession of the facts, examine into the causes which have converted a magnificent engineering success into a commercial disaster of the greatest magnitude; knowing that there is no subject of the present day which has absorbed a more intense and painful interest.

THE REPORT OF THE RITUAL COMMISSION.

THE Report of the Ritual Commission is at once one of the most amusing and saddest documents to be found in connection with the history of the Establishment. It is a record of the ignorance and presumption of the men who have disturbed the peaceful, if somewhat spiritless, harmony of the Church; and a proof that with all their apeing of the Roman Church, and their striving after what they call Catholic doctrine and practice, they have really no hearty belief in their innovations, but go through their processions and their chantings, their bowing and kneeling, their bell-ringing and hymn-singing, and all the rest of their ceremonial, with very little more sincerity than the actor who struts through his part upon the stage. Their high "Catholic" principle is so purely a matter of their own convenience that it is positively humiliating to think of the petty artifices by which they introduce its symbols into their churches. It took Mr. Le Geyt, of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, twelve months before he placed lights upon his altar, and it is only within the last two years that he has got as far as vestments. He told the Commissioners that his congregation "were clamorous" for the lights. But surely if that was so, they might have had them without waiting a whole year for them. But the truth is, these innovating clergymen go warily to work, and develop their Catholic principles bit by bit, and not until they have secured a portion of the congregation upon their side. This is rather a sneaking than a bold Catholicity. Mr. Bennett states that at Frome he introduced vestments and incense in compliance with the wishes of the people. This sounds very well, but there is more sound than substance in it. The memorial, on the strength of which the vestments were introduced, was signed by twenty-one men, thirty-five women, and two churchwardens, and the incense followed upon a request which was not publicly made, and may only have expressed the aesthetic longings of the pew-opener and the organ-blower. The memorial shows plainly how Mr. Bennett went to work in Frome when the storm of popular wrath drove him from Knightsbridge and Pimlico. Its signatories remind him that he had always taught them that "with the restoration of the material portion of our Church should be included the restoration of the beauty and dignity of Christian worship within its walls," and he admits that he had always told the people that such and such ceremonials were the correct usage of the Church of England. It would be strange indeed if so important a person as the vicar, in a population of 5,000, could not, by persevering preaching, get fifty-eight of his flock to believe that vestments were the correct thing. Probably at the time when Mr. Bennett went to Frome, some fifteen years ago, not one of his parishioners had ever heard of such a thing as a vestment. Those were the days when Ritualism was in its infancy, and a very mild diet satisfied its appetite. A bunch of flowers put away in some quiet corner, a couple of candles on the communion-table, even if they were not lighted, a genuflexion, or a sermon in a surplice, was quite enough to satisfy it. As far as our recollection goes, the wildest innovator of that period did not venture to appear in public in vestments. We indeed learn from the report of the Commissioners that Mr. Bennett, one of the most advanced of the Puseyite party, had them ready in his drawers at St. Barnabas; but when the people were rioting about so innocent a thing as a surplice, even he dared not provoke them with a chasuble. What, then, could Frome be expected to know about such things, or how could it conceive a desire for them? When Mr. Bennett came down to the people of that benighted neighbourhood, out of a population of 5,000, 3,000 were Dissenters. It would be hard if the remaining 2,000 did not make much of their vicar. He preached to them about the restoration of the beauty of Christian worship, and possibly dwelt disparagingly on the bare walls and commonplace worship of the neighbouring conventicles. It is likely enough, too, that he spoke to them of Catholic usages, of their communion with the Universal Church, of their countryman, the Venerable Bede, and that he warmed their hearts and stimulated their minds by touching on a great many other topics equally intelligible to them. The word "Mesopotamia" has been known to impart spiritual consolation to at least one pious soul. Why should not the word "Vestments" convey a godly sweetness to others? Indeed, when you come to think of it, the latter is by far the more pregnant term. Mesopotamia is, after all, only Mesopotamia, and when you have pronounced it once, all you can do is to pronounce it again. But "Vestments" is a largely inclusive word, and the vicar must be a poor stick of a preacher who could not make a course of sermons out of it. It includes amice, alb, cord, cope, maniple, stole, chasuble, tunic, dalmatic, and we know not what else. Imagine the effect of such words, heard for the first time, upon a rural population. "Dalmatic" alone should be sufficient to produce the profoundest conviction

of the erudition and orthodoxy of the preacher. And it is really in this way, by putting attractive novelties before the minds of a congregation, that a percentage presently comes to desire more knowledge about them. They have heard the word "dalmatic," they would like to see the thing. Some one whispers the vicar to this effect. His reverence sends to the nearest ecclesiastical milliner for the sweetest thing in dalmatics he can produce. When it is made, he shows it privately to a few of his lady parishioners. They are in ecstasies. They declare it to be a perfect love of a dalmatic, and would like to see how the vicar would look in it. So he tries it on in the vestry, and, in the full belief that so pretty a garment is the true costume of a priest of the Church of England, they go home and get up a memorial. So it is with altar lights, incense, and all the other paraphernalia of a Brummagem Catholicity. The clergyman creates the taste for innovations, and when he has introduced them, pleads the request of his congregation.

When we come to the evidence as to the authorities upon which the Ritualists ground their innovations, we are surprised at their utterly indefinite character. They are variously stated as "the practice of the whole Western Church;" "the Roman use;" "the Saxon use;" the Service Books "that were in the Church before the Reformation;" "the Catholic usage;" "the practice of the Universal Church;" "the pre-Reformation canons;" the decisions of the Judicial Committee, when agreeable to the clergyman's own opinions; "post-Reformation use" on the same condition; "the Church Catholic throughout the world;" "the traditions of the Church;" "the Church of the Apocalypse." When there is any difficulty about these authorities, any doubt or contradiction, the clergyman himself decides. Mr. Nugee, Vicar of Wymering, near Portsmouth, holds that if the Catholic Church and the Church of England came into collision, it would be for him to weigh the question. The present state of the Church of England is equivocal, and, "pending the decision of the law, we are in the painful position of acting up to the best dictates of our conscience and hearts with reference to the restoration of life among our people." Mr. Bennett considers himself perfectly competent to decide any difficulty which may arise as to what is or is not Catholic usage. Any national canon may, in his opinion, be overridden by a Catholic canon, so that antagonistic canons peculiar to the Church of England are of no force whatever.

It is not to be wondered at if clergymen, judging for themselves upon evidence drawn from such various, not to say vague, authorities, should occasionally find themselves at sea with regard to the orthodox performance of their ceremonies. Thus we are not surprised to find that in the matter of hearing confessions, three clergymen should appoint three different parts of the church for that exercise, though it is strange that with so many Roman Catholic churches and chapels scattered up and down the country, none of these gentlemen seem to have heard of the simple contrivance of a confessional. Mr. Le Geyt hears his penitents at the rail of the sacristy door, the priest sitting within the rail and the penitent kneeling outside it. Mr. Bennett hears confessions sometimes in the sacristy, sometimes in one of the chapels in his church; while Mr. Wagner, of Brighton, hears them in the vestry. But this is not the only point in regard to which it may be said of the Puseyites, "Quot homines tot sententiae." Mr. Clay, of Brighton, informed the Commissioners of a case in which he was once called in by a widow lady in great distress. Mr. Clay is a clergyman of the Evangelical school, and we presume the widow in question had no proclivities in favour of Ritualism. Poorlady, no wonder she was in an anxious state of mind. Her youngest daughter, aged eighteen, with the impressionability of youth, had been so worked upon by the counsel of a Ritualist clergyman, who happily ministers in Brighton no longer, that she believed herself to be the most wicked little sinner alive, and was in the habit of performing penances, imposed by him, of the severest character. The night before Mr. Clay was called in, she had knelt bare-kneed for four hours upon a marble slab repeating penitential psalms and prayers, which had been appointed as her penance, and for what?—for having confessed to some sins of temper! Four hours with her poor little bare knees upon a marble slab, perhaps for having frowned at her elder sister, or for refusing to eat her plate of pie because it was not sweet enough, or because it was made of apples instead of plums, or of plums instead of apples. Put this young creature's offence at the very worst, and suppose that in a moment of unwonted aggravation she had wished some friend or relation at the bottom of the sea, or had applied naughty words to them, or in her vexation had stamped her foot on one of their bonnets—will any Ritualistic clergyman seriously tell us that such a transgression deserved such

a penance? What! may not a pretty creature of eighteen pout her little mouth without some hulking spiritual Hoginarme being down upon her with a cold marble slab, and four hours' worth of penitential psalms? Compared with this, Mother Rome is a kindly old granny, correcting her children with a pocketful of sweetmeats. Such a confessor deserves to do penance under a ton of marble slabs. We are glad to hear that Mr. Wagner does not impose such inflictions. But are what are called "corporal penances" uncommon amongst such clergymen? Or what is the law and the standard by which they are imposed? Or does each "priest" regulate these matters for himself after consulting the authorities above named? Or is the whole affair a chaos of ignorance and presumption, of egotism and self-conceit, of shallow make-believe, and childish apeing of the Church of Rome.

It is a pitiful story which this report reveals to us. It is idle for Mr. Bennett and his fellow innovators to talk of "Catholic usage," "the Universal Church," "the Church of the Apocalypse," and all the wordy bosh which they prate so glibly, as if they were anything but the officers of an Establishment which is the creation of an Act of Parliament, and the subject of the Crown. But they have done work which cannot be undone unless by a new Reformation which shall cut them off and cast them out, and define with a rigidity that the Reformation of Edward and Elizabeth expressly avoided, the doctrines and the practices which alone are to be permitted in the Church of England. It may come one day to that; but we much doubt whether the labours of the present Royal Commission will help towards such a result. There are symptoms already of a wish to widen indefinitely the limits of the fold, and to let the most ornate Ritualist flourish by the side of the plainest Evangelical. The report discloses to us the germ of a section of the Establishment which may be called "Church of England Dissenters"—men who, displeased with the ornate ceremonies of their vicar, erect a fabric for themselves, and worship according to the pattern which existed before the "Tracts for the Times" were written. One of the promoters of this movement suggests as a remedy for the present troubles of the Church of England, that the Bishops should have authority to license chapels for Dissenting congregations whenever appealed to by a sufficient number of the parishioners. Oddly enough, Mr. Bennett seems to approve of this idea. He sees no reason why, within the same Church, there should not be a thousand forms of worship, from the most bare to the most ornate; and he says that he himself, if necessary, could worship under either form. Let the incumbent and the congregation decide for themselves, with an appeal to the Bishop, and from the Bishop to the Church in Synod assembled. But is not this the idlest of verbiage? Has not Mr. Bennett, in his "Plea for Toleration," asked, without answering, the question, "Where is the Council of the Church to whose legislation we may safely submit?" And in the same book has he not suggested that there is room in the Church for both the great parties which are contending for the mastery? What becomes of his pretensions after this? And why, for the sake of practices and doctrines which he holds so lightly that he will not refuse to abide in the same fold with men who utterly condemn them, should the peace of the Church be disturbed?

EISTEDDFODIA.

GRAY was a poet but no prophet. Otherwise he would have hesitated to curse the memory of Edward I. for having slaughtered the bards of Wales; he would rather have anathematized him for not having annihilated them, could he have foreseen the folly of those who have sprung from the survivors. The Eisteddfod is now a yearly joke, which the world thinks none the worse for its being perpetrated at the expense of a race which is gradually becoming extinct. Welsh nationality is on its last legs, and none of these spasmodic efforts will prop it up again. But what we complain of is the want of decency which is shown by this decrepid body. When an individual is at the point of death, we do not look for him in the market-place, decked out in his best clothes, and with a sickly smile on his face, as if he hoped to get better. His place, then, is his chamber, and there let him summon his friends to the bedside to hear his last words and to receive his adieu. These Welshmen, almost at the moment of dissolution, dress themselves out in the brightest colours, proclaim a feast-day, and fritter away the time in bawling out idle songs in an unknown tongue. The whole affair is a kind of Olympian game carried on by fishwives on the borders of the Styx. Happily Charon will soon ship them off, and when they are removed, the less said about them the better.

The way in which an Eisteddfod is carried out is as various in its details as an antediluvian Parliament. Each day has a president, who is apparently either a monomaniac or an M.P. For the latter there is some excuse, as it is probably a cheap way of securing his seat. This president delivers an address, the gist of which is that the Welsh are a fine people, bubbling over with poetry and feeling, that the neighbouring province of England is vastly inferior, and that the audience which he is addressing is *la crème de la crème*. This is followed by a recitation which receives its due amount of laurel, unless it is too palpably bad. A slight diversion is occasionally created by a bard rising from his seat and shrieking an "englyn," which must sound to the outer world like an Irvingite when he is possessed with the gift of tongues. We suppose that this year the most important incident in the whole ceremonial was the adjudication of the prize for the best ode on the "Millennium," which is accompanied by the installation of the prizeman as "the first man in Wales" for the year. So important a question must have been an anxious one for the judges, and for the public, when the two judges were obliged to call in a third to give a casting vote. This hesitation was due to the want of foresight in choosing the judges. "Caledfrynn" and "Cynddelw" no doubt had to cram up the subject, and were proportionably muddle-headed at the end; but Dr. Cumming would have settled the whole affair in a jiffey. His knowledge of the country must be perfected by this time, and as for the literary merits, he has so long studied the writings of others that by this time he must be qualified to give an opinion thereon. He might have refused to undertake the job, for these competitors will not stand an adverse verdict. Witness the unhappy Mr. Yates, who undertook the perusal of ninety-three poems, and could find nothing to commend in any one. The bards, it is said, are furious. Yet there was something almost pathetic in Mr. Yates's confession of his inability to decide. As the editor of a magazine he had read verses *very* bad, but he had found here a still lower depth, and he concluded by expressing his conviction that Cambria could do better, and would do better after his admonitions. However, the claimants were unconvinced. Perhaps they are unpleasantly conscious of their incapacity for doing better; at all events they intend to examine the poems themselves. For our part we recommend them to draw lots for the prize. Other arbitrators also have felt the keenness of Celtic rivalry. Mr. Leslie was called upon to weigh the merits of two brass bands, and when he had delivered himself of his decision, the losing party at once called on him to rescind it. Mr. Brinley Richards has been equally unfortunate in offending his countrymen by his critical instinct, and he has announced his intention of taking no part in future Eisteddfodau. This is as we should wish. Take away the props, and the ancient rickety edifice will fall to the ground. It would not be inappropriate to place the whole ceremony, bards, presidents, and poems, inside a caravan, and hawk them about the country. Well advertised they might draw. As for the "Roaring Lion," by all means attach him to some menagerie, till he is cured of using such expressions as "burning poetry rich as Wales, simple as nature, great as Snowdon." We are inclined to give somewhat a similar berth to "the finest orator in Wales," who demands our gratitude for giving us the best pianist in London, the greatest harper in the world, and a sweeter singer than Jenny Lind. Still we must acknowledge that this gentleman later on in his address condenses his own panegyric by confessing that "fulsome flattery always stamps untruth wherever we find it."

The attempt to prolong the life and traditions of Cambria outside the pages of antiquarian research is one of the idlest that ever entered into the heart of man. Her well-wishers would see the Principality one with England, in its interests, aspirations, and language. The Oldbucks of this or of a later age may gloat over their "Mabinogions," till they can construct therefrom a scheme of polity and wisdom, worthy of having lived under happier auspices, and of having had its existence prolonged to the millennium-time. But we have to deal with the facts which are before us. A very little inquiry will convince a practical man that the Welsh at present are more immoral, ignorant, and wretched than any Englishmen of the same class with the same opportunities. And to suppose that the Eisteddfod is the grand specific against this moral and physical degradation is to recognise healing effects in a piece of vulgar charlatanism. It is as reasonable to establish maypoles and other old English diversions in order to lower the price of meat, or to look for the regeneration of mankind in the sensuous display of vestments and incense. However, we can discover symptoms of approaching dissolution in the festivities which are just over. The local magnates do not condescend to countenance the national festival, and the rain

which fell this year must have diminished the popular exchequer. Its emptiness will soon cool the popular enthusiasm. There is an expression which the French seem never tired of—"la nuit porte conseil;" for our parts give us an empty stomach. The prodigal son was slow in his repentance, till he was reduced to the husks, and then he came back readily enough. When the supporters of the Eisteddfod find it touching their pockets, they will look out for themselves. The nursery rhyme throws no discredit on the sharpness of Taffy, whilst it impeaches his honesty; and we put our trust in the former quality, touching these literary revivals. If an interpreter could persuade the mass that they would be better off in the case of total absorption, we should not fear for the result.

The position occupied by the press with regard to this question is naturally galling to a sensitive people. The reporters regard the proceedings with the curiosity and amusement which people exhibit in a wild-beast show. They wander about Carmarthen as if they were in the Zoological Gardens. Here and there if an animal does not look dangerous, they are quite ready to stroke it, and they are generally affable and pleasant. Such patronage does not commend itself to its objects. Yet when a thing is hopelessly ludicrous, why not laugh at it? It can do no harm, for either the victims are too obtuse to perceive the mockery, or otherwise it may lead to improvement. And it has the advantage of taking men who have had enough of London into a pure air, and of showing them the relics of a nearly extinct civilization, if civilization it can be called.

THE ST. LEGER.

THE race for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster has this year excited a most extraordinary interest. Various circumstances have combined to throw a great uncertainty over the issue of the race until it was decided last Wednesday afternoon. The victor of the Derby was notoriously unfit at Epsom, and his success there proved him to be a first-rate horse. The rival St. Leger favourite, Achievement, had, as a two-year-old, once beaten Hermit in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, but the horse then lost some sixty yards at the start, and was only beaten by a little more than a length. As a three-year-old, until quite lately, Achievement has shown none of her former two-year-old form. In the Oaks she ran second to Hippia, when it was supposed that nothing could beat her. Her supporters attributed the Epsom defeat to the fact that Custance did not ride according to orders. The public, however, place little confidence in excuses made for defeated favourites, and the mare was, after the great Surrey meeting, supposed by all but a very few to have no chance for the St. Leger. At Ascot she was miserably beaten. At that time, however, she was in wretched condition, and evidently unwell. Suddenly, at York, Achievement appeared to have returned to something approaching her two-year-old form, and literally walked away from Vauban in the Yorkshire Stakes. She immediately after this success became second favourite for the St. Leger.

Those most skilled in forecasting the issues of races were, however, puzzled to separate the horse from the mare. Hermit had won the Derby, Achievement had not won the Oaks. A horse to win the Derby in such wretched condition as Hermit was in, must be something almost miraculous in the way of horseflesh. Such were some of the arguments used by those who foretold the success of the horse. On the other hand, those who placed confidence in the mare urged that Achievement had beaten Hermit as a two-year-old easily, that she was not properly ridden in the Oaks, that she was totally out of form at Ascot, and that Hermit could not concede to her the five pounds of weight which fillies are allowed in the St. Leger. This last argument was the best of all, for there is no doubt but that in September mares are in much better comparative form than horses, and in a long and fast race like the St. Leger five pounds make an enormous difference. The race ever since York has been regarded almost as a match between the mare and the horse. The other competitors have attracted only secondary attention. Vauban, who started third favourite was supposed by some to have a chance of recovering his laurels lost at York, and also of reversing the Derby running. It is clear, however, that his stable knew well what his merits were, and with little confidence in his success for the St. Leger, have won many valuable stakes during the summer, and have not retained him, or, as the technical term stands, "bottled him up" for the Doncaster event. Julius received some considerable support in the market on the day immediately preceding the race, but he never became a strong favourite with the public. His owner believed that he ought to stand a good chance. The

world in general, however, considered that if he could not get a place in the Derby, he could not possibly aspire to win the St. Leger. There was also a general opinion abroad that he does not like to face the crowd and the shouting in a close finish. Challenge was backed for some amount of money for an outside chance, chiefly because he was bought lately by Lord Hastings. Taraban also carried the hopes of a small party, although the public in general entertained strong suspicions of his temper and of his being willing to try to win, even if he could. Achievement was the first to be saddled, and to make her appearance, with Challoner mounted, on the course. She justly excited the admiration of all who saw her. Her condition was superb, and her muscle was more fully developed and better laid on than even at York. After her, Fervacques, Julius, Challenge, Longchamps, Lord Glasgow's colt, and Sir Joseph Hawley's beautiful horse, the Palmer, quickly appeared. Hermit was saddled and mounted by Custance in a comparatively distant part of the course. He came down to the Stand to canter past, attended by a large crowd. His supporters can hardly, however, have been gratified with his appearance. He appeared too light, was too fine-drawn, and seemed over-trained. He seemed also to be weak. Immediately after cantering, he sweated profusely. Nevertheless, his fine style of going, and immense stride in his canter, raised a buzz of admiration. Achievement moved beautifully. Light and active she seemed as if moving upon wires, and Dover had evidently avoided the common error of over-training to which Newmarket seems especially addicted.

After one decided failure, the horses were turned down by the starter to the post in one beautiful line, except where Challenge resolutely walked two lengths in the rear. The starter refused to let them go, and turning them round, brought them back, and then turning them again, sent them away with an indifferent start. Hermit did not get well off. He was standing still when the flag fell, and Custance had to shake him to get him off. Taraban and Longchamps rushed to the front, and made the pace very hot. At the hill the pace increased. The two leaders went over the hill first, with Hermit, Achievement, Fervacques, and the Palmer lying some four lengths behind them, all together. Near the Red House Fervacques was beaten, but Taraban still held the lead, and cries began to be raised of "Taraban wins." Here Hermit seemed to feel the pace, for Custance pulled him back. At the bend Custance came up, but Achievement came out at the same time, closely followed by Julius. Hermit made his effort and passed Julius, but could not catch the mare, who won easily by a length. The ovation given by the Yorkshire crowd to Achievement and her jockey was something to be seen when Colonel Pearson led her back to scale. The horse-loving people of this county dearly love the victory of a mare, and cheered till the welkin rung when Challoner weighed all right.

GLORIFIED CONSTABLES.

THE *Times* of Monday gives an account of a ceremony of deep interest and significance "when the officers and men of the Constabulary who distinguished themselves during the late outbreak were presented with honourable tokens of their sovereign's approval." The event was celebrated in the Phoenix Park, and nothing was wanting to add dignity and importance to the several investitures. The Force was drawn up in hollow square, and in the centre of the hollow was placed the knot of heroes who had gallantly defended a portion of her Majesty's empire during the late Fenian insurrection. There was music and a marchioness. Colonel Hillier apologized to the latter for the absence of Mounted Constable Duggan, "who, on the night of the 13th February, was conveying official despatches, and was called upon near Glenbeigh by a large body of insurgents to stop and deliver up those documents, which he refused to do, but proceeded with courage and fidelity on his journey, when he was fired at and severely wounded and disabled." With the exception of Mounted Duggan, however, all the others were present, and the Marchioness of Abercorn respectively affixed the decorations upon their noble persons of medal or chevron according to the degree of daring and fortitude exhibited. We must accredit the gentleman who supplied the Force with the literature of the occasion with a great deal of ingenuity, and so fascinating a mixture of truth and the colouring of truth, that he managed to impart a more brilliant complexion to the exploits than they would have received from an ordinary official hand. For instance, most of the feats might have been comprehended under the phrase, "Dispersing a mob;" but such a record would never tend to glorify the constables, and render the Royal Irish Constabulary that need of fame

which it has striven so earnestly to deserve. Mr. Boucicault described a corps of the British service as fearing no noise whatever, and the "Royal Constabulary" ought at once to claim a kindred reputation. The reasons set down for decorating the models of the Force appear to us not to be much stronger than those in which Bob Acres declared his spirit to Sir Lucas when he said "We-we-won't run." If this seems a harsh opinion, the "Force" must blame themselves for it. Nothing can be more absurd than the litany of performances recited before the Marchioness of Abercorn previous to the canonizing of the policemen. Would not any one reading this imagine that another Sadowa had taken place in Ireland instead of a mere abortive attempt to make a riot:—

"2. Sub-Inspector Dominick F. Burke.—In command at Tallagh on the same night, when the Fenian insurgents were defeated, many taken prisoners, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition captured—a medal."

What will they say to this in France? It will be quite a revival in New York to the Fenian exchequer. There were battles in Ireland after all. The English press and Government persisted in saying that the Fenian movement was an insignificant comedy of rebellion, but the Constabulary will have it otherwise. Larcom and the police will not be deprived of their honours. The real truth is that for years the Irish Constabulary have occupied a most anomalous position. Under Sir Henry Brownrigg and other old officers they have been drilled as soldiers, and are able to caricature military movements with a considerable power of humour and some dexterity. The various inspectors and sub-inspectors assume the manners of Horse Guards. The men are good for anything but their business. Fortunately, burglars and pickpockets are not frequent in Ireland, or it would go hard with our fellow-subjects over the water if they were compelled to put down those gentry by the aid of such transcendental officials as mounted constables and constables in command who are never known to surrender to half a dozen half-crazed ragamuffins. The attacks upon the barracks could scarce have been such terrific sieges when we reckon the list of slain. The single wounded veteran Mounted Constable Duggan, who was unable to ride up for decoration, represents the modicum of the force for which an ambulance department would be requisite. We perceive that a shot fired at a station was sufficient to entitle the defenders to chevrons, while if the station was threatened with being burned a medal was awarded to the commander. It would actually seem as if the Government expected altogether different conduct. Rewarding a man excessively for being commonly honest, looks as if you suspected his virtue to be of an occasional and abnormal character. Could the police have done less than to have kept their ground against a few packs of half-armed blackguards who never remained for a second volley? And it must be remembered that we had to send troops into Ireland at the very first rumour of the disturbance and to maintain them there until the whole affair had blown over. Now, we have not heard that any special medal has as yet been cast for the "flying columns." We have no doubt but that the police did their duty in Ireland. The Irish are constitutionally and nationally brave, and the last thing in the world we should have thought is that a body of trained men would give way before the scattered and wavering creatures who made a farce of rebellion in March last. The distinction of being called "Royal" there is no objection to if it does not prove too much for the police. Titles are sometimes said to set people mad, and the Constabulary of Ireland having been for a long time induced to think that they are to a certain extent a standing army, will perhaps now become elevated beyond their work. Keeping the peace at a fair or a pattern, seeing that the public-houses are shut at proper hours, helping the gauger to detect poteen-makers, giving evidence and plenty of it before the magistrates, will seem poor and ignoble duties to a royal and decorated branch of the service. Lord Mayo addressed them in a harangue which reminds one of the speeches of Napoleon. He spoke of the painful duty the constabulary had performed of "pointing rifles at the breasts of their rebellious fellow-countrymen." He might have added that this duty was performed with so much humanity that the pointing did about as much harm as the firing. The same might be said of the Fenians, and, in point of truth, the gentlemen of the latter persuasion who have escaped Pentonville and got off to New York have as much right to wear medals as the constables. If the police receive decorations, they should resemble the Temperance insignia, pieces of pictorial zinc about the size of small plates, with an allegorical reference to the benefits of teetotalism, and a pious inscription to the memory of the late Father Mathew. We should like to see the design upon those attached to the Constabulary

breast by the Marchioness last week. Did they contain a figure of her Majesty on one side and Britannia holding a truncheon instead of a trident, and wearing a policeman's shako instead of the usual head-gear, on the other, beckoning to a constable to stand between her and destruction?

We have never made a greater mistake in our treatment of Ireland than in trying to establish a side for ourselves and supporters, instead of endeavouring to bring the whole country into our confidence, and to shut out even the appearance of partiality or exclusiveness. The next mistake has been the system of acting towards Ireland as if we considered loyalty exceptional, and only to be found amongst certain classes. A third has been the encouragement of small officials to an undue extent until they burst into a sudden importance, and, taking our name, commit absurdities which degrade the notion of English rule and English character, not only in the eyes of Europe and America, but what is worse for us, in the eyes of the Irish peasantry. Lieutenant-Colonel Hillier, Colonel Wood, and Lord Abercorn, must have this exhibition in the *Phoenix*, while the Lady Lieutenant parodies the Queen, and Lord Mayo imitates Xenophon—after a fashion. We must condole with Colonel Hillier on the incompleteness of the ceremony, which, from the length of the paragraph bestowed upon his prowess, must have been rendered much more impressive and touching had Mounted Constable William Duggan been able to attend. It might have been an artistic idea, however, to keep Duggan away, it showed that there was one policeman in the country actually *hors de combat*. Why not give Duggan the Victoria Cross when he is able to resume his saddle? Why not promote Colonel Hillier for his eminent services? We do not see where the line is to be drawn, if constables are to be glorified with decorations, the colonels in command of constables ought to have something when the battle is over. This is a matter for Lord Derby, and no doubt will be brought before him as a part of that programme of justice to Ireland which his Government have so prudently initiated by conferring medals on the policemen.

BRITONS ABROAD.

THE annual exhibition which our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen provide for the amusement of their Continental neighbours has been opened under favourable auspices. The unusually fine weather with which last month commenced stirred the gipsy blood which fills a corner in the heart of even the most sluggish and sedentary, and allowed the landlords along the best-known routes to sip, a little before the usual time, the autumn honey of heavy prices. There was just sufficient warning given to permit them to label Niersteiner as Johannsberger, to calculate how many thaler, gulden, or francs, they might safely charge for a bit of cold chicken and a cup of coffee, and to decide how many visionary candles should be placed in each visitor's bill. If we are disposed at all to forgive the rapacity of these parasites, it is on account of the nature of the animal on which they feed. At this present moment the wild Englishman is abroad—that strange creature whom neither resentment, entreaty, nor satire, can improve. As the fathers, so are the sons. Psychologists tell us that the long-continued need of any mental or bodily functions on the part of an animal, in time produces a corresponding organic development which becomes hereditary; and we may here find some explanation of the singular fact that a propensity to talk loudly in foreign churches having been once developed in a family, never leaves it. It is, indeed, charming to witness the natural manner in which some raw youth of eighteen, taken over for his first trip up the Rhine, will mimic to a gesture his father's splendid contempt for everything French and German. He will laugh in the face of some unhappy waiter who makes futile attempts to understand English; fortunately forgetful that his own efforts in a foreign tongue would make an angel weep. He allows himself every license of speech and conduct; perhaps moved by some sort of vague idea that a fool ceases to be a fool when he exhibits his folly only to "a lot of foreigners." In England it may be necessary to affect to be a gentleman; but abroad the uncomfortable disguise may be thrown off with impunity. It is very seldom, however, that the snob set free has intelligence of his doings sent over to England by the newspapers, as in the case of the three "young gentlemen" whose natural humour prompted them the other day to insult the people of a little Breton town by disfiguring a statue of the Constable Du Guesclin, which stands in the central square of the place. Had Dinan been an English village—though it would be hard to find in England a counterpart of that picturesque, quaint, sleepy little town—the three

travellers would have walked sedately up to the statue, which is not a very imposing monument after all, and having scanned the features of the English Guesclin, probably those of some retired grocer, would have returned to their inn with that painful composure which marks all Englishmen who know that other Englishmen are observing them. But in Dinan it was far otherwise; and had not one of the three wits, in attempting to escape, been ignominiously captured, publicly rebuked, and pilloried in the newspapers, it is probable that the whole affair would have remained a capital joke, an adventure to be recounted with pride for the remainder of their lives. It is out of such youths that the typical English traveller is made. No experience, or reading, or travel, ever alters the habits and customs of the purse-proud, self-sufficient Englishman abroad. The longer he is accustomed to get about, and carry with him his English method of living, the more pronounced becomes his contempt for, and the more boisterous becomes his sarcasm over, the ridiculous manners of these "confounded foreigners." There is a gorgeous self-glorification in his manly stride as he walks up and down the nave of a cathedral, and smiles at the ridiculous notion of these people who are kneeling everywhere around, coming in the middle of the week and in the middle of the day to make spectacles of themselves. Why should he not walk arm-in-arm within the building, or turn his back upon the high altar, or converse in loud tones with his friend, when by any one of these insults he may convey to these deluded beings his opinion of their bigotry and superstition? Why should he take off his cap on entering the dining-saloon of a foreign hotel? Why should he raise his hat on asking a question of some railway official, or call a petty shopkeeper "Monsieur," or address the landlord of a German inn as "Mein Herr," when he could probably buy up with a year's income the entire property and belongings of all three? He sneers at the German wines because they have not the brandy and burnt sugar of his favourite sherry; he shrugs his shoulders when French bread is put upon the table, because it is not the damp dough of old England. He makes elaborate jokes over the poverty of the reigning German princes; and is of opinion that they would be much more royal and picturesque persons if, instead of living almost entirely on their private property, they taxed their people heavily, or went largely into the "doing of bills," in order to lose heaps of money gracefully upon pet horses. He carries about with him the conviction that the English army is the greatest in the world; that English music, painting, and literature strike Europe with wonder, and are not to be approached by any other country; that the English people are the best educated, most intelligent, and bravest race on the face of the earth; and that, as it is his proud privilege to be for the moment the representative of this nonpareil of nations, all foreigners and other vagrant persons—especially waiters—should bow the knee before him, and admire him, and worship him.

Foreign climates seem to have the property of developing, to a greater or less extent, this sort of idiocy in the mind of nearly every Englishman abroad; but Englishwomen, holding less pronounced opinions on the military strength of England, the justice of English laws, the admirable system of English municipal government, and such intricate matters, generally escape. By her courtesy and native gentleness an Englishwoman not unfrequently removes the impression produced by the boorishness of her husband, and smoothes his path for him by making people more inclined to do him those innumerable little services which cannot be "put down in the bill." The average Englishwoman abroad is a delicious creature, whether with a husband or without; but when she appears in the guise of the "unprotected female" who is terribly accurate in counting her kreutzers, who goes over every item in her bill and desires an explanation which she insists upon understanding, who boldly appeals to the nearest stranger to hold her poodle for a little while she opens her boxes on the deck of the steamer, who gets up the history of a town before entering it, and "does" the place as though she were compiling a guide-book, and who has invariably such a face and temper as make one rejoice with a philanthropic joy that she is not married; then she is grateful neither to the eyes nor to the understanding. The two or three ladies, however, who make up a little party and venture fearlessly abroad, are for the most part charming travelling companions. One of the party may be young, but usually the members of such small bands are between twenty-five and thirty, of pleasant disposition, and without that horrible acridity which is produced in some women by the consciousness of their chances of marriage being gone. There is no trace of the unprotected female about these ladies. A delightful indecision hovers about their movements, and they do not anathematize creation if they miss a train. You lose sight of them, and

pick them up again in a most mysterious way. You leave them in a Cologne hotel, and you find them in an *Eilwagen* in the Black Forest. Or you catch a glimpse of them crossing the Pont de Jena towards the Exhibition, and as you fly away from that fearful spot of the earth's surface, you discover them confronting the cathedral of Strasbourg. The directress of the party is sure to be a stout young lady with fair hair and gold-rimmed spectacles. She carries the general purse and governs the movements of herself and sisters. Upon occasion she can muster a good deal of firmness; but she never approaches the audacity of the unprotected female. When hard driven, she will say aloud in your hearing, "Well, it would be so much better if one person who can speak German fluently were to secure carriages for us all, or we shall be left behind;" and if you take the gentle hint, and, with such fluency in German as nature and art have given you, procure the desired accommodation for the whole sisterhood, she will thank you in a pretty and business-like manner. Altogether these maiden tourists are agreeable subjects for contemplation, and undoubtedly enjoy themselves a great deal better than if they were going the same round as the attendant of a dissatisfied and grumbling husband.

There is one thing to be said of our fellow-countrymen who have gone over to the French Exhibition, and that is, that they have pretty considerably perplexed their Parisian critics. At present there is nothing in the French papers so amusing as the hopeless contradictions which exist between the various writers' descriptions of the English visitors. Not a few of them stick to the old conventional Englishman who used to figure in French caricatures, and occasionally appears even now on the stage; but those who have attempted to strike the average of the English people now in Paris have made ludicrous failures. They have done for the English what most English do for the French: they have taken some odd individual, or some ridiculous peculiarity, as a type of the nation and of national customs. Do we not constantly see it stated, by some ingenious satirist, whose knowledge of France is confined to the results of a week's lodging in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, that all Frenchmen use a knife to carry their food to their mouth, and are fonder of a pocket-handkerchief than of a table-napkin; and how is such a statement more ridiculous than its fellow, that all Englishmen beat their wives and eat shellfish in the street? The fact is, that the innumerable varieties of Englishmen and Englishwomen now in Paris have overwhelmed the feuilletonists, and have swept away their faith in the typical Englishman who used to be so well known in the picture-galleries, and who is yet easily recognisable on the Rhine, in Switzerland, or as he journeys towards Naples. He it is of whom we have spoken—the old incorrigible, the very magnitude of whose prejudices has a sort of sublimity about it. Men may come, and men may go, but he remains for ever in the dull slough of ignorance into which he was dipped at birth. And so long as he continues to exist, so long will Continental writers have some ground for their pathetic remonstrances against the insular arrogance and wilful blindness of the visitors each succeeding autumn showers upon them.

A QUACK'S CAREER.

It is seldom, we fear, that those pestilent humbugs who send round their circulars and attract young people to their museums, put themselves so thoroughly in the power of the police as the Dr. John Galt, alias Sidney Osborn Fowler, who has just been committed for trial. There is something instructive and edifying in this fellow's story. He might almost be accepted as the typical quack. He unites in his own person all the characteristic "notes" of all the disgusting professions. Mr. Matthew Arnold says of his favourite Bottles, "he was one of the earliest free traders; he has always gone as straight as an arrow about reform; he is an ardent voluntary in every possible line, opposed the Ten Hours' Bill, was one of the leaders of the Dissenting opposition which threw out the educational clauses of Sir James Graham's Factory Act, and paid the whole expenses of a most important church-rate contest out of his own pocket; and, finally, he has married his deceased wife's sister." As we were to table the whole Liberal creed about Bottles, we may put Fowler, or Galt, or Forsyth, right through the Quack's catechism, the essence of which consists in making your neighbour as filthy as yourself. We hope the thorough exposure of this blackguard will put people more on their guard against advertisements and circulars. We hope, too, that the jury who try him will strongly recommend him to justice. But we confess that if punishment is at all measured by desert, it will be difficult to devise a sufficient

penalty for the iniquities which he has committed, and make him a proper example to those who would repeat his offences.

This man began early by opening an establishment for the sale of obscene books and prints, while he was a trooper in the Life Guards. He was quartered in the Albany-street Barracks, and he pitched on a stationer's shop in the same street, as the depot of his indecencies. Fortunately, the stationer was a respectable man; his suspicions were excited, and he communicated them to the police. The police being put on the man's track, brought his conduct before the officers of the regiment; he was tried by court-martial and drummed out of the service. After this he took lodgings under his real name of Forsyth, and advertised for a wife. He described himself as "a handsome, healthy young gentleman, in want of an amiable partner for life; one with about £100 preferred;" and he received a great many answers. Several of these answers, we are told, appear to be from ladies of education, one of them from a young girl receiving an allowance from her guardians of £50 a year, which was to be increased to £600 on her wedding. The result of these offers does not appear, but soon after Forsyth is advertising for a lady housekeeper. His next step in quack-life is to proclaim himself as a doctor, under the name of Sidney Osborn Fowler. He opened a house like that described in "Armadale," where Doctor Downward and Mother Oldershaw carried on their reputable partnership. He announced that Mrs. Dr. Fowler received ladies for their accouchement, and that a medical man and highly-trained nurse were kept on the establishment. The doctor and his lady were anxious to adopt a healthy male child, so that, after her confinement, the patient might return home without encumbrances. Having thus gained a partial insight into the most criminal of all human weaknesses, the doctor began to work his discovery for the benefit of both sexes. He wrote and circulated pamphlets on Human Frailty, Youthful Errors, and probably recommended in them the Elixir which he fabricated, and the pills of which a pie-dish full was found at his house. But it seems that he was not contented with the moderate fortune which attends these speculations, or that he found too many rivals in the art of adopting children and treating secret diseases. Perhaps he wanted to be rich without going through the drudgery of permanent imposture. Whatever were his motives, he certainly took to the distribution of obscene books and prints on a large scale, "literally inundating the country with his lists, principally sent to military and naval officers." The detectives found at his house 2,000 copies of books, 4,000 handbills, besides photographic slides, pills, and bottles of the Elixir. It is said that the weight of the obscene literature seized at the doctor's house was between one and two hundred weight. According to the doctor himself, the question of weight was merely brought in for the sake of prejudicing his case, and it must be admitted that nothing does prejudice a case so much as conclusive evidence of guilt. No doubt it seems very unfair to Dr. Fowler that all these materials should be collected, that his house should be searched, and his medical library used against him. If these books, he said, were indecent and obscene, the greater part of the medical literature of the country was liable to be seized. Yet he might have spared himself that remark. We have heard it too often already. We know that medical writers use words which are not named in general society, and discuss questions which would not be broached at dinner-tables. But, then, medical men do not generally call attention to their discussion of such subjects by sending out programmes, handbills, and circulars all over the country, or enliven the dry details of science by the attractions of indecent photography.

There is something unpleasant in the reflection that, but for this attempt at enlivenment, Dr. Fowler would have escaped the meshes of the law. It is true that his assumption of the title of Doctor subjects him to a fine; but what a vast amount of mischief he might have done, and not even have incurred this penalty. A man can beguile young ladies into answering his advertisements, can publish pamphlets on youthful errors, and can either bring inconvenient children quietly into the world, or put them quietly out of the way, without calling himself a doctor. If he has been in the Guards, and is a fine-looking young fellow, the command he has over the fair sex is in itself a powerful weapon. We can hardly wonder if the susceptibilities which lead maid-servants to spend all their savings on the tenants of Albany-street and Knightsbridge, are capable of further expansion; or that men who cannot be forced to support their wives and children are somewhat reckless on the score of domestic morality. Hitherto we have thought that the law of compensation made society safe from all worse consequences than heavy rates and untrustworthy servants. If it was true, as we fondly believed, that hand-

some men are always stupid, we need not have been afraid of ex-Guardsmen becoming representative quacks. But, unluckily, no great cleverness is needed for such feats as Dr. Fowler has achieved. It requires no medical knowledge to put together a few phrases of an insidious and alarmist kind, and no wit to devise indecent stories which will pass muster among schoolboys and young officers. When once we have a glimpse of the interior of such a nauseous manufactory, we see what is the real calibre of the mind which thus deluges the country, which frightens some young men, and fills others with envy and admiration. Here is a man who was a trooper, and was drummed out of his regiment, having offers of marriage from well-to-do wards, treating the readers of his pamphlets with his pills and elixir, and preparing the purchasers of his prints to become the readers of his pamphlets. The way in which one part of his system works into another is perhaps its most significant feature. Yet the one part which is punishable is really less obnoxious than the rest. It is quite right that the sale and circulation of indecent prints should be repressed by watchfulness and severity. The mode of circulation generally adopted is, we admit, an aggravation of the original offence. We think, moreover, that a man who introduces such things into a school ought to receive a tenfold portion of that punishment which would fall to the lot of their schoolboy possessor. It would give us great pleasure to see a reformatory opened for old offenders against decency. Professor Rogers said the other day, at Dundee, that the number of casual poor in Oxford had been considerably diminished by the use of soap and water on all who came to the workhouse. If the circulators of obscene books and slides were cleansed by some more vigorous process, the effect would probably be quite as apparent. But though we should welcome the sight of Dr. Fowler writhing under the scrubbing-brush of Winchester discipline, we feel that the cause of his punishment would not coincide with the cause of the severity of its infliction. We may legislate against offences, but how can we suppress temptation? We may purify Holywell-street, but what can be done to 2, Shepperton Cottages, Islington? As we said at the outset, quacks generally keep on the safe side. Occasionally they are brought up for threatening their victims, but the moral courage which is needed to expose such practices in court is too great for most men to possess, and the quack may count on silence. The pest of little books sent round to families, and liable to be opened by boys and girls, is one that demands some kind of legislative interference. Yet it is almost impossible to devise a remedy. You cannot make it penal for a medical man to send a copy of his book to a friend, although the book is not meant for family reading. Lord Lyndhurst's argument, that the Act against obscene books and prints would apply to the works of Correggio, has not been verified. But it is possible for some men to find the old masters as suggestive as the photographers whom Dr. Fowler employs, in the same way as others search for indecencies in the Bible and in Jeremy Taylor. We can all feel that the mischief which is done by circulars and museums is greater in its way than that which results from disorderly houses. But unless we are prepared to intrust a superior class of police with some of those powers which are exercised on the Continent, it is hard to say how the evils are to be cured. There must always be a difficulty in distinguishing public from private morality, and in drawing the line between humbug and false pretences. The present order of quacks might, indeed, be put down by some stricter supervision on the part of the medical profession. Let every man who circulates pamphlets of a certain cast, or advertises books which are likely to do mischief, be deprived of his diploma, and be prosecuted if he continues to assume the title. This would at least diminish the authority of such writers, even if it did not take away their occupation. But that is a further consideration, and the first step is to abate the nuisance.

LITERATURE FOR PARENTS.

THERE are no more boys. The missing link between the child and the man is a thing of tradition. "We have nothing but babies and old men," cries America; "Il n'y a plus d'enfants," is the complaint of modern France; and the English Rachel weeps for the loss of those big, blubbering urchins whom once she owned, and will not be comforted. We have infants smoking when they are scarcely out of the cradle; and if the progress of the species continues at its present speed, we shall soon have the newly-born baby cocking its eye at the doctor, and asking, "How much does this cost?" It will, therefore, astonish nobody to learn that a Christ's Hospital "boy"—we say nothing of the affectation which this use of

obsolete English implies—has appeared as an author. Writing upon the spot, and during a residence of eight years in the school, he recorded from time to time his impressions of what was passing inside and around him; and these epistles, addressed for form's sake to an "affectionate father," are now reprinted and offered to the world. We are not told whether it was at the urgent entreaty of a few private friends, or at the instigation of a fond and flattered parent, that the Christ's Hospital Boy resolved to appear in print; but as these "Ten Letters" represent the literary labours of eight consecutive and weary years, they claim the respectful consideration of all who know how to estimate patience, perseverance, and a noble ambition. And it must not be forgotten, in glancing through the work, that its motto, borrowed from Keble, is "The heart of childhood is all mirth."

The first letter is dated March, 1854, and lays the basis for future deductions by describing, concisely and pithily, the material conditions of life in Christ's Hospital. "My dear father," writes the prospective author, "I like London pretty well. I don't get enough to eat. I owe some of my bread sometimes to other boys. We have pork every Tuesday. It made me ill the first two times. We have boiled pork and pease-pudding once a year, and then we have twice as much as on other days. We had it last week; some of the boys were ill after it." Accurate observation and a scrupulous adherence to truth are the chief qualities which mark the introductory epistle of our "Boy." He does not consider it necessary to point out for instance the connection between having a double allowance of pork and pease-pudding and the consequent illness of certain of his companions; he simply supplies facts, and leaves you to draw your own conclusions. But presently he leaves this ignoble subject of eating, and passes into higher regions. "I am first of my class," he writes, at the end of this communication. "I like being in school better than out." No mention of pocket-money! No quiet hint that the first of his class might as well be rescued from the position of being in debt for his daily bread! There is a lofty stoicism in this silence which no speech could express. And in his next letter, the Boy strives to scale the dizziest heights of idealism. "Yesterday was a leave," he remarks, "and I spent the day with Aunt A—. She made me promise to eat one mouthful of meat every day. Very often I don't eat anything but a piece of bread. I expect to be moved up to the Little Erasmus this Christmas. Your affectionate son, —." One mouthful of meat every day! Sometimes he eats nothing but a bit of bread! And yet the unexampled modesty of the youth makes him fancy that this self-abnegation, this splendid devotion to the higher purposes of life, fits him only to be moved up to the Little Erasmus! To be moved up into heaven, we should have thought, would have been a more suitable reward; unless, indeed, the jealousy of some quick-tempered Jove might not be too dangerous for the Christ's Hospital Prometheus. Nor does the voluntary martyrdom of our ideal schoolboy pause here. This self-tuition, as the reader may have expected, only led to more pronounced results; and in the month of March, 1855, the boy announces that he has rather a bad cold. Has the romance begun? Is the baby genius, sick of pork and pease-pudding, and looking vaguely upwards to the sun-struck peaks of the Little Erasmus, about to perish in this period of beautiful aspiration, and be carried on angel wings whither no mouthful a day will disturb his reluctant throat? We fear that these hints of his intended rôle were not well received at home. Starvation, a bad cold, and a speedy transit to heaven, forms a picture which seems to have had no effect on the mind of the affectionate father. There is no mention made of any "tips" having been received. Pleased with his boy's virtue, perhaps the father desired that it should be its own reward; but this is a species of remuneration which, as it is always justly proportioned, neither boys nor men admire. We may be wrong in assuming that these highly proper epistles were written with any vague expectation of their producing a rise in the boy's funds; but a striking confirmation of the hypothesis is to be found in the opening of the very next letter, in which our author, dismissing these hints as having been found useless, boldly prefers a claim for further pocket-money. Not only is he no longer passing to an early grave by an easy course of starvation, but he insists on having money for the very purpose of supporting life. And there is a full, joyous swing about this letter, an exuberance which is only tempered by a consciousness of the importance of his new position. For he writes:—

"Christ's Hospital, February, 1856.

My dear Father,—I have just been made monitor. It is rather younger than usual, as I am not thirteen yet. Will you please allow me 1s. 6d. per week, as we have to get our coffee and sugar, &c., and

also pay our boy something? Mr. A— sent for me, and told me that I was to keep up the dignity of my position, and not play with the other boys, but hold myself aloof from them. I think I may be a Deputy Grecian at Midsummer. We don't do much work on the Great Erasmus.

"Your affectionate son,

So he is on the Great Erasmus; and yet he is not satisfied. Deputy Grecian is now inscribed where Little Erasmus used to be seen. So is it ever. Wearily and laboriously we gain the summit of that Little Erasmus, and lo! away above us is the peak of the Great Erasmus; that gained, we only reach the foot of the Greater Erasmus, and still we toil on until we die on some one of the peaks—which of them does not much matter—about as happy as the people who remained half-hidden in the valley and chose by preference to die there. "Our boy :" was not that sufficient? He is to keep himself aloof from his companions, so as to uphold his dignity, and is quite willing to accept Mr. A—'s kindly and commendable advice, and considers that 1s. 6d. per week will be required to grace his new station. And we must not fail to remember that "the heart of childhood is all mirth."

October, 1856, finds our author in trouble. He is accused of being idle, and replies that his multifarious duties as monitor leave him no time for his tasks. He has to look after the making of the beds, the washing of the boys' faces, the laying of the cloth at mealtime, the distribution of plates, &c., quite as if he was in training for the army, and expected to serve his country by becoming butler to a commander-in-chief. And then he has to keep "the boys" in order, and they won't obey him; and the monitors are not allowed to hit these wicked little wretches ("and if we were, I couldn't," he adds, ingenuously); and if they are very troublesome, he reports them; and if anything goes wrong, the nurse reports him. He says he is hated by all the boys, and expects to be poled on breaking-up day. The next letter with which he favours us is very curious, revealing the depths of depravity which the most proper of schoolboys will contemplate when driven into a corner by despair:—

"Christ's Hospital, April, 1857.

"My dear Father,—You ask why I have been turned off monitor. I was told that the nurse had complained of me for bullying a little boy. I said I was only hitting him for being very troublesome; and then I was told that it was my fault for letting the ward get into such a state. I suppose it's all right. I don't know that I'm sorry altogether; the worst part of it is being treated like the other boys, after having been monitor. I almost made up my mind to run away the other day, and try and be as wicked as I could, as it seems impossible to be good here. I have come to another ward, and there are three other ex-monitors with me. I suppose we shall be put on again some time or other.—Your affectionate son,"

However, in October, 1857, we find the hero of these autobiographical recollections reinstated in his post, and exhibiting the most terrible class-prejudices. The whole school is divided between monitors and non-monitors; and he is now as proud of the privileges of the former as he once was jealous of them. But he doesn't meet with respect; and the tone of the next few letters is sad. The masters will not support the authority of the monitors, whose sacred functions are becoming to be despised. He complains of everything; and the only glimpse of sunlight we get is in Letter IX., where he announces that he has become a Grecian. But the dinners are bad; and that old, inevitable pork, which turned the stomach of the neophyte six years before, again appears in these memoirs as taking the place of mutton, two or three times a week, because the latter "is too dear."

After all, to be a Grecian is not the summit of earthly joys. "Scarcely any one seems to care much about us; they say we are conceited, and leave us alone." But the grand effort of the boy is contained in the final letter. The affectionate father has evidently been determined to exhibit the full capacity of his prodigy; and has sent him a question which has produced in reply a short essay on "the moral tone of the boys." The essay, it is to be feared, does not tell us much that we did not know before; and it is perhaps unnecessary to say anything about it, except that the juvenile author, to convince his father, quotes one of a shoal of letters on public-schools, with which the *Times* amused and delighted its readers in the autumn of 1858. But our boy has his panacea for all the evils of school-life. He once hated the monitors for oppressing the boys; he once hated the boys for not being obedient to the monitors; now he considers that all the misery of the situation is caused by the Grecians, to which noble society he belongs, being removed beyond the ordinary pale. He remarks that if "we were intrusted with the general carrying out of the school discipline, and allowed to deal with offences ourselves, I believe it would make an immense difference." We have

nothing to add by way of comment on these ingenuous confessions of the boy; and can only once more counsel our readers to remember not to forget that "the heart of childhood is all mirth."

A SERMON UPON NOVELS.

A SOLEMN protest has been uttered by the current *Blackwood* against the school of fiction that has earned for itself the name of "sensational." It is a piece of declamation of which the point is not obvious. It indicates the bane, but it prescribes no antidote. It tells us that there are certain prolific novelists at work, of various demerits, who have inoculated fiction with a tone of thinking obnoxious to morality. But this has been so long apparent to the most superficial observer of the literary times that it seems almost supererogatory to make it the subject of a long article, without having in view the suggestion of some measure by which the evil may be remedied. No one at all concerned in the interests of art—to say nothing of morality—can hesitate to agree with the writer of the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* in all that he says. But we do not see how simply railing at an abuse is likely to correct it. Some more efficacious remedy must be adopted than expostulation. It is utterly useless to sound the word "art" in the ears of these novelists. They know nothing of it. The only standard of their art is Mudie. Talk to them of the chances of remuneration, and they will understand you. So long as Mudie takes their books, so long will they consider that they have realized the highest aspirations of art.

And regarding literature from a commercial point of view—and we caution our readers against that man of letters who professes *not* to regard it from that point of view—who shall condemn these novelists for converting their brains into what they make their heroes call "filthy lucre," when the only paltry considerations that could put a stop to such utilization are the interests of Art? We have great respect for the honest though aimless enunciation of our contemporary, yet we cannot help thinking that he lays too much stress upon the influence that these would-be art-debauchers exercise over the public morality. In truth we would like to know was there ever a woman ruined by the perusal of one of these fiction-mongers who would not have ruined herself without him or her? These books are the expressions of the vulgarisms in art. Their writers resemble the well-to-do tradesmen of society. They have read Tennyson, they have read George Eliot, and Trollope, and Dickens—they know little of past classics, you may be sure—they admire these writers; and their compositions are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of these noble thinkers; the faint light, laboriously won, serves only to indicate the nature of the vulgarity which no plagiarism can redeem, no handsome binding disguise, and which it is excessively hard to know just at present what will correct. If all our novelists belonged to the sensational school, then doubtless *Blackwood's* alarm for morality would be justifiable. We are unwilling to take a deeper view of the matter. We think it idle to attribute much influence to that whose effect is evanescent and eminently superficial.

In speaking of Mr. Charles Reade the writer of the *Blackwood* article says,— "His power is of a kind which will always seem coarse to a certain class of minds unable to discriminate; for he is very apt to call a spade a spade." Those minds must indeed be undiscriminating that could call this quality coarse. It is a power that the sensational school of novelists is no more capable of attaining than it is of attaining Dickens's humour or Eliot's thoughtfulness. It is in the nature of the sensational school to mistake what is forcible for what is vulgar; and by the same rule they assume vulgarity to mean strength. Our contemporary is even more lenient than we are inclined to feel. He speaks of a book called "Cometh up as a Flower," which, though he emphatically condemns it in the first instance, he yet allows to possess a certain dramatic vigour. But the passage he quotes surely cannot be called a specimen of dramatic strength. We are well aware that isolated as it is it must necessarily lose much of the force that the train of events producing it is likely to impart. But if it be true that genuine dramatic force is simplicity intensified we should like to know what there is to commend in the situation which is described in language such as the most arrant sensational-monger would hesitate to employ. There is one passage alone that would mar by its extravagance the effect of the whole: "My hair fell in its splendid ruddy billows over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat!" This even goes beyond any additional impressiveness that a little blue light or the twang of a fiddle

could lend it. Can fancy veiled thus have aught of influence? Can such language—can this rant affect the public mind? Lastly, and in all seriousness, we ask, is the morality of the young lady likely to be injured by such an influence, worth saving? Our appeal is not to our readers, but to the author of the article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

It is possible to be too clamorous on behalf of a morality not endangered. Terrorism is a species of epidemic. It visits us at seasons—especially during the seasons of inactivity. Now it is Christianity that demands instant support, or it falls; now it is society that compels the elimination of certain vicious elements, or it is degraded; now it is the press that needs a more vigorous imposition of conscience, or its dignity departs. No doubt these spasms of terror are useful in their way. They compel an inquisitiveness into things that might otherwise suffer from neglect. At the same time they sometimes make great fools of us. However, there is nothing that our contemporary has said upon the subject of novels that is not true, and which will not find a ready acquiescence in the minds of reflective men. At the same time we cannot forbear repeating that we do not quite apprehend its object. It contrasts two schools—the sensationalists and the realists. The viciousness of the one is ably exposed, the excellence of the other insisted upon. *Mais pour quoi?* What is the end proposed by this exposition of these separate schools? We hardly require to be told that Miss Braddon is not to be altogether approved of, and that Mr. Trollope is. A thoughtful public will perhaps regret that this article upon novels did not suggest a remedy for the evil it indicates. If such should be the case, we can only supply the deficiency in our contemporary by humbly hinting to the thoughtful public that the remedy lies in their own hands. An author, whose standard of art is Mudie, is speedily brought to alter his views of fiction. Let the public once determine to tolerate no more of such stuff as our contemporary decries, and we safely promise them that they'll get no more. Our catch-penny novelists deal in fair-haired women and over-spiced sentiments, simply because "they pay." If a demand were made for hunchbacks, for halt heroes and blind heroines, our libraries would speedily be converted into intellectual hospitals. Enough, however, has been said upon a subject of really small moment to all but those concerned in the theory. Before we conclude, we would once more reiterate our assurance to the writer of the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* that "there is nothing to fear."

A MIMIC.

Good parody is a fine art. It requires special qualifications and a special training. To parody a book so as to render the imitation what Mr. Martin terms a compliment to the original, is difficult; but to attempt to reproduce the style and manner of actual personages, so as not to caricature them offensively, is almost impossible. We wish to say this at once, so as to dispose of one objection to an exceptionally clever performer, whose entertainment is worth an extended comment. Mr. Maccabe, a gentleman who has appeared before in London, and who is now at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, should remove from his programme the burlesque of an old public favourite with which he opens it. The bill would not suffer by this excision, which is in reality out of place amongst a collection of pictorial representations.

Mr. Maccabe's "elderly gentleman of great respectability," who makes a post-prandial speech, is a capital study. The performer has many natural advantages, which he uses with great effect, and his power of facial mobility is much more striking than that of a recent physiognomist who made grinning a speciality. The utterly vacant and helpless stupidity of Mr. Solemn Sides is typical of a class. His floundering for the few ideas he possesses, the signal manner in which he fails to get hold of them, and the emphatic assurance with which he endeavours to conceal his imbecility, is most ingeniously portrayed. The features of the mimic never fail him to bring exactly the notion he wants to convey to the audience. His voice is in itself excellent comedy. There is a touch of deep satire in the sketch which, like all clever satire, causes almost a reaction of sympathy for the object of it. "Let no one ridicule mankind," writes the German poet Heine, "unless he loves them;" and although Mr. Maccabe may love Mr. Solemn Sides, much as Izaak Walton loved the frog into whom he stuck the hooks gently, he brings about a feeling almost of commiseration for the helpless old idiot whom he uses as bait for the purpose of catching the attention of the visitors to his little theatre. The song with which Mr. Sides finishes himself is somewhat out of keeping with the representation, if considered with a

view to strict dramatic propriety; but it is an amusing song well sung, and the excuse for bringing it in is, we suppose, that it rounds off the sketch in a manner to which people are most accustomed at entertainments of this character.

Mr. Maccabe has a Dundreary of his own who is as purely copyright as the famous invention of Mr. Sothern. Mr. Sothern's Dundreary was the Dundreary, not merely of London, but of one London season. Mr. Maccabe's Dundreary is essentially provincial, and is of a more generic and substantial character. He is the sort of personage who is thought to be a dandy and an exquisite in the country, and who manages to have his claims for the character allowed by persistent over-dressing, and by chattering nonsense quickly, loudly, and obtrusively. He wants the charm of good manners which half make up for the mental shortcomings of Dundreary or Brother Sam. There is something agricultural about him. Mr. Maccabe evidently intends this, and therefore his delineation is honestly original, and quite as instructive as that of Mr. Sothern for its completeness, and perhaps more striking for its universality. Mr. Maccabe, however, should not, when holding his dialogue with a lady supposed to be seated in a chair, lean his head down to where her lap would be, nor should he, for the sake of getting a laugh, make his subject talk over-cleverly now and then; the whole notion is too ingenuous and too histrionically comic to be reduced in any way to farce. Mr. Maccabe may rely upon his mimetic resources without borrowing from the slight and trivial aid of stock conundrums. This is a vicious habit which our best actors have contracted from burlesque-mongers. Mr. Maccabe should avoid it, as it mars the vivid realism and fidelity of his conception. "Miss Mary May" should not wear so much crinoline, and should talk more in the mode. She speaks as a young lady might when larger bonnets were worn, and when chignons were not in fashion. Without being altogether out of date, she belongs at least to a period of four or five years ago. Let Mr. Maccabe freshen her up, improve her conversation, and make her play the newest tunes on the piano. As it is, Miss May is an excellent man's-woman. She is modest, and sits and walks femininely. She uses her eyes with discretion, and smiles with a humorous archness which catches hold of the audience constantly. All this is pleasant mimicry, and mimicry of a high and talented order. That the performer can exhibit his ability without the aid of a dress, and in perhaps a still more amusing way, is shown by his singing of Mr. Lover's song. We have seldom heard a more perfectly Irish and attractive performance than his version of "Molly Brierly." It is free from the taint of music-hall vulgarity; and his weak, but pleasing tenor, tinged with a national vein of humorous melancholy, incloses the wild pathetic contradictions of the ballad with a delicious comprehension both of its absurdity and sentiment. There is a whole history in a song like this. The etymology of "bulls" may be studied far more successfully by listening to it than by reading the famous Edgeworth treatise on the same subject. The Irish make "bulls" as a homage to a mistress, just as an Elizabethan poet made conceits. The lover veils his admiration under a thousand quaint devices of thought, and the writer of the amusing verses which Mr. Maccabe sings so well never was so fortunate in procuring an interpreter for both the fun and the poetry of his rhymes as in Mr. Maccabe. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the genuine *vis comica* displayed in the mock earnest emphasis which Mr. Maccabe throws into the last stanza, where the appeal to the hard-hearted girl reaches the climax of confusion in such words as these:—

"For when you and I were one,
And confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter so entirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother
When we'd both be one another,
So listen now to reason, Molly Brierly."

Mr. Maccabe's ventriloquial discussions are very entertaining and indicate—what is far superior to the mere modesty and capacity of ventriloquism itself—a very uncommon dramatic instinct and flexibility. He succeeds in producing with his voice a character—not only a voice, but a diverting eccentric character—and he carries out this embodiment with an unflagging and a most scrupulous faithfulness. We regret, however, that Mr. Maccabe should send this honest fellow up a chimney, simply because we believe that every ventriloquist does the same thing, until a ventriloquial chimney has become as regular a piece of supposition masonry as the immortal poker of the pantomime has become the inevitable property of that species of entertainment. But Mr. Maccabe's *chef-d'œuvre* is his "Wandering Minstrel." The foil to the street singer, the operatic troubadour, is objectionable and weak, but he is more

than compensated for by the vigour of his successor, the performer on the penny whistle, the stentorian executioner of popular songs, the needy, raucous-voiced vagrant who yells and squalls when for a moment he can free his lungs from the husky webs in which exposure and drinking have enveloped them. Often as this character has been attempted, and attempted by actors who gained distinctive reputations, in our opinion Mr. Maccabe has excelled and far excelled all who have tried it. His gait, his gestures, his crouching, frightened Tom-all-alone expression, mingled with a certain defiant cheerfulness and the desperate gaiety of ignorance and animalism, is worth going to the Egyptian Hall to witness if there were no other attractions in Mr. Maccabe's bill of fare. There are a few points of detail in "Begone Dull Care" which Mr. Maccabe would do well to correct. When he finds it necessary to wear a moustache he should select one less like a small patch of sticking-plaster. He ought also to omit, as we said before, his first representation upon the score not only of good taste, but of discretion. He can only caricature Mr. Henry Russell. Those blemishes removed, Mr. Maccabe can present one of the most agreeable and vivacious entertainments that have been produced in London for a long time, and we can cordially recommend those of our readers who have the opportunity to make their acquaintance with it.

BY THE SHORE.

CHAMPAGNE in decanters, Herodotus in the version of Beloe, Croker's notes to Boswell's "Johnson," minced veal, and kissing one's own sister, have been cited as parallels of dulness and synonyms for flatness—for that languid, slow-pulsed feeling we should all experience were life without its follies, and day followed day, shorn of its humours and excitements. To men in towns, who live a life of turbid turmoil, this change is as necessary as it is to the gentle homekeeper whose life has only been varied by visits to the plays, to parties, to the Zoological Gardens, the game of croquet, and the feast on tea and cake, with City magnates, on some alderman's lawn. Such delights, for which, on Sundays, as a variation, the High Church curate hints at penance, and the Low Church incumbent prophesies a severer punishment, cannot please for ever, and the lisping syllables of partners in the mazy dance, or the more dogmatic talk of the young gentlemen who drop in to see papa of an evening, and who affect to know either the price of securities or something of those wonderful mysteries hinted at by the diplomatic *Owl*, and faintly copied by the *Court Journal*, hardly serve to make them love town in August, or admire the dusty geraniums of the park more than their worthier rivals the rich yellows of the ripening fields of corn. Even the college man, delighted with his first season and inflated with a belief that his review article is stirring the world, is ready to get away and leave the literary club, the scene of his triumphs, and cries out, with Virgil,—

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallis amnes
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius"—

as an echo to the lines which the tired editor exclaims, quoting Pope, who wrote them just one hundred and fifty years ago:—

"Dear, damned, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease;
This month in peace, ye critics, dwell
Ye authors sleep at ease!"

and in company with Government clerks, War-office employés, rising barristers, well-paid solicitors, fashionable physicians, and indeed all the ornamental fringe of the upper middle class of society, these fly away to all points of the compass, either far or near, at home or abroad.

It follows, however, that when a man is getting on to fogeydom, and has a wife and daughters,—charming companions, but items on a traveller's list of expensive commodities,—that he, like an old bird, does not fly far afield, but settles nearer home. And no wonder. His daughter may be beautiful, but she still costs something considerable as a first-class passenger; and although his wife is as affectionate as she is comely and faithful, the trouble which her boxes and packages occasion is added to the expense, and increased tenfold if he goes abroad. So, like a sensible man, he stays at home, and sees more life and gains more health than if he ran to and fro upon the earth and went to Jerusalem or the New Salt Lake City as quickly as some rapid travellers on record have done. Cromer, Hunstanton, Whitby, Scarborough, Yarmouth, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, Hastings, and St. Leonards are the places upon one of which ten to one the old bird will settle.

The most distant are always the most dull, and are therefore reckoned the most fashionable. There are the Welsh watering-places, the south-west coast; there is Boulogne, Dieppe, and even Herne Bay:—

"Why, where can you have been to not to know
Somewhere where no one ever seems to go?
Is it Herne Bay? No! 'tisn't here nor his'n."

But these we will leave out of the record. Wherever it be, whatever sand be turned into Pactolean gold when trodden by our silver-footed nymphs, it matters not. The towns are much the same. A high street leading up from a bay, at the side or middle of which is a pier; side streets narrow, inefficient, awkward, and contorted; houses small, dark, and fishy; improvements silly, bad, recent; inhabitants brown, lazy, and rapacious; poor people lounging, good-natured, clothed in blue flannel or serge, and with a general, open, sea-going character about them. *Brave à son insu*, whenever there is a life to be saved or cordage to be stolen is the male amphibious creature; jolly and merry, but with an idea that a washerwoman at the seaside ought to be paid somewhat more than an Anglican bishop or an American President, tearful, greedy,—poor soul, as poverty, losses, and the ever-pressing landlord has made her,—nervous, anxious, over-charging, and, when flint meets flint, insolent is the lodging-house keeper; devil-may-care is the butcher; and exceedingly nonchalant is the hotel-keeper, as well as every shop-keeper in the town of Shrimpton-super-Mare, which we will take as a type of any of these towns. How can it be otherwise? A little quiet town, holding, let us say, six thousand inhabitants, who live by catching herrings, potting shrimps, stealing cordage, and other small games, has suddenly poured into it, at the beginning or end of the summer season, for fashion is very curious, and no one knows when the exodus will begin, an additional thirty thousand inhabitants. It is true that speculative builders have run up slight houses on purpose to hold some of these; it is true that the butcher and baker have made their arrangements, and that the farmers around are aware that their markets will be diverted. But Shrimpton cannot be otherwise than excited—there are so many buyers; lodgings and legs of mutton advance in price each day; the whole town gives itself up to bagging the shoal of customers. Shrimpton is like an old woman, two of whose hives swarm at once; out she is with her key, her warming-pan, her pattens, and her shrill voice trying to get all the bees in. In vain: Shrimpton runs over; part of the bees settle at Herringtown, a little farther off, some sleep in bathing-machines, and others go back to London and proceed elsewhere. Herringtown and Shrimpton hate each other mortally. They have done so ever since the Conquest. Herringtown believes that it is the more aristocratic, Shrimpton knows that it is the more healthy, and each eagerly looks during the season to the London papers for remarks prejudicial to the other. When Shrimpton bags a sensation leader-writer, and urges him to perpetrate a libel called, "Indecent Bathing at Herringtown," it is in ecstasies of delight; when another who has had to pay more for his brown brandy, his glass of mahogany-coloured fluid hot, than "a literary man, sir," likes to pay at Shrimpton, assaults that health-resort with a similar charge, Herringtown grins all over. It is the same everywhere, Wavetown and Foamtown, Folkstone and Dover, Hastings and St. Leonards, hate each other like rival *prima-donnas*, and each revels in libels on her competitor. In the respective local papers sensation paragraphs are kept standing, and "Measels at Margate," and "Rattlesnakes at Ramsgate," are the sort of head-lines that best please the editors. Following out the tradition, the chuff-headed chawbacons of the country round, have their antagonistic stories; the Doverers are credited by the Folkstoners with being such fools that they "threw a robin over the cliff to break its neck," while the Folkstoners sent up to Government to know what colour they should *white-wash* the church.

But here we are at the seaside, and at Shrimpton; with a land-breeze sweeping over hill and down, with great white-chalk-cliffs, and a vast expanse of a changeful, but peaceful sea, that spreads its broad breast to the stars, and tosses about like a playful giantess; not, indeed, curling its monstrous head, but letting down its back-hair in rippling wavelets, as if happy to wash the pretty feet and dimpled toes of the nymphs and children who gaze upon it. In all merry England there is no finer air than blows upon that Kentish coast. In all England there are few prettier sights on a bright morning—and the mornings are there ever bright, with flying clouds darkening the middle distance of the sea, and the sunshine resting on the golden waves beyond—to watch the bright English girls crowding down to the beach to bathe, eager to plunge in the fresh ocean, neat and pretty in demi-toilets, merry and alive

with excitement, and making the fresh keen air vocal with sweet words and ringing with their laughter. Let the reader picture the scene, and let him do it as a cleanly, honest, manly-hearted gentleman, who has sisters of his own—as did John Leech, in those pictures which formed the delight of all art-lovers at home and abroad, in which there is not a wrong thought or an impure suggestion. But do not let him go as a Paul Pry or a Jerry Sneak; and, indeed, if he does so, he will see but little. The distance, the open air, the vastness of the ocean, the true magnificence of the scene, purify even the prurient; and the bathing-machines that receive our young ladies, drawn up in lines, more or less effectually conceal them from view, even when shrouded in a bathing-gown, and covered by the friendly waves of the ocean. It is true that there are those who, urged by the reports of the unworthy letter-writers, believe in the possibility of becoming Actæons without the punishment he met with, and of viewing Diana bathe, surrounded with nymphs rosy and beautiful—who stand in men's clothes and form, and some, indeed, with tarpauling hats and anchor buttons, and peer and pry through the narrow spaces left between the ladies' machines. It is true, also, that women do go and sit,—waiting for their husbands, no doubt,—on the beach, in close proximity to where the Actæons are themselves bathing; but we incline to think little harm of these mole-eyed offenders. Vulgar as some are, there is not a superabundance of snobs, and delicacy yet dwells in English bosoms. And so our rose-red girls, blushing with exercise and with the sweet flower of modesty in their cheeks, may bathe in peace, and afterwards breakfast with an appetite which would have disgusted Lord Byron, who loved not to see women eat. Then there is the morning lounge on the sands, the walk upon the cliff, the luncheon, the little tea, and the ride before dinner on the well-worn hack, which tit-ups and tit-ups as easily as a rocking-horse. After dinner there is the moonlight stroll on the pier, and the dulcet sounds of the last new waltz, or the measured murmur of the waves, while to some happy—happy nymphs at the seaside, there too, is the happier lover, the silent joy of being together; the budding hopes made dearer even by fears, and the pensive hour which never dies from memory, but grows sweet with age, when together they watch the silver moon surmount the clouds, and through the pure ether the great stars globe themselves in heaven above the bosom of the silent sea. Adieu, oh, nymph! "O ter quaterque beata!"

"Più felice di te non vede il sole."

The sun doth not shine on one more blest than thee.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SOME of the French journals are determined to get up a war-cry somehow or other. Notwithstanding the pacific assurances contained in the circular of the Marquis de Moustier to the French diplomatic agents abroad—the tone of which is much more favourable than the brief telegraphic summary we possessed last week seemed to suggest—certain press writers persist in thinking that France must shortly go to war. They talk of an Austro-Prussian treaty, with a hostile bearing towards France—a rumour which the official *Evening Post* of Vienna has thought it necessary to deny, as "a pure invention," and "a political impossibility;" and the *Epoque* and *Liberté* are trying hard to extract explosive materials from the speech delivered by the Grand Duke of Baden at the opening of the Baden Diet. The Grand Duke spoke in favour of the union of South with North Germany, and referred to the steps which had already been taken in that direction; and this gives great offence to the two French journals in question, which see in such language a menace, to be answered by an alliance of France, Russia, and Italy against the rising Teutonic Power. In the present dearth of important events, something must be pardoned to journalists in need of matter for exciting articles; but it were to be wished that the ingenuity of these gentlemen would take a less disturbing form. Supposing the Emperor Napoleon to be really desirous of preserving peace (which may well be the case), he will find no small obstacle in the excessive fervour of particular portions of the press. But for him, after proclaiming the principle of nationality, to quarrel with Germany because she determines to become a nation, would be a supreme development of political error and bad faith.

THE relations between France and Italy do not improve. The Pope is said to have written personally to the Emperor Napoleon,

complaining of the conduct of the Florence Government, and it is reported that the French have concentrated 40,000 men at Toulon, ready to embark for Rome, should any disturbance of a formidable nature break out there. On the other hand, some of the prelates of the Papal Court so cordially detest the French Emperor (who is believed to be rather Voltairian than Catholic in his real sentiments) that they would even prefer a compromise with Italy to further obligations to him. In fact, some slight approach has been made towards the former consummation, the Papal commandant at Viterbo having been authorized to act in concert with the Italian troops in case of an invasion of Garibaldians. It becomes every day more clear that France would be playing a dangerous game in trying to back up the extreme Papal claims against the determination of Italy to possess her capital. She would simply drive Signor Rattazzi into the arms of the ultra-Radicals, force him to form an alliance with Prussia of a nature hostile to France, and in the end ruin the last hope of the Papacy as regards a compromise. Yet that the French Government at present inclines to a reactionary policy is certain, if it be true that the Embassy at Florence is to be entirely changed, because Cardinal Antonelli has represented that Count de Sartiges and his subordinates are too friendly with the revolutionary party.

THE North German Parliament assembled on Tuesday, for the first time, on the basis of the Federal Constitution. The King himself attended, and delivered a speech which contains nothing at all remarkable. It referred almost entirely to domestic matters, and to those technical arrangements by which the various States are to be knit and welded together into a compact Federal body. His Majesty did not even allude to foreign politics, unless by implication in his concluding words to the deputies:—"It is a work of peace to which you are called, and I trust that, with God's blessing, the Fatherland will enjoy in peace the fruits of your labour." Who could have anticipated, four or five months ago, when the Luxembourg question was exciting such universal apprehension of war, that the speech of the King of Prussia on the opening of the Federal Parliament in September would be so mild and amiable?

GARIBALDI has been appointed Honorary President of the Peace Congress which has just met at Geneva, at the same time that a Working Men's Congress is sitting at Lausanne. He delivered a speech in which he prophesied the fall of the Papacy; and, on the evening before the first meeting of the Congress, he addressed a large crowd from the balcony of his hotel, and declared he would go to Rome. It is even said that he is again preparing an expedition against the Eternal City. The General, therefore, is evidently not entirely in a peaceful frame of mind; but he would probably say—and he might truthfully say—that some kinds of war are necessary to the assured existence of peace. Europe is not yet sufficiently mistress of herself to dispense with that ugly "ultimate reason" of irreconcileable disputants.

CONSIDERABLE difference of opinion prevails between Austria and Hungary with respect to the apportionment, between the Empire and the Kingdom, of the general taxes and the public debt. The Austrian Finance Minister is reported to have resigned, in consequence of what appear to him insuperable difficulties in the matter; and Baron von Beust and the Emperor are themselves to try what they can do. Both parties to the dispute seem pugnaciously inclined; but it is to be hoped that the good understanding recently established between Austria and Hungary will not be seriously endangered by this financial quarrel.

SPAIN and Mexico are going to turn over a new leaf, and to be exceedingly good and gentle, after having for a long time been very much the reverse. In the former country a Royal decree has been issued, commuting the punishment of the late insurgents from death to penal servitude. In the latter, Juarez—having shot and hanged as many of his enemies as he considers desirable—has been recommending his countrymen to imitate the clemency and moderation shown by the United States in the hour of victory. We are of course glad to see any sign of improvement in either country, but our faith in the improvement continuing is not very strong. The natural habits of the wild beast are not easily quelled. Both the Spaniard and the Mexican have fierce blood in their veins, and tyranny and license are equally prone to fetch it out.

A RECENT number of *La Grèce*, a French newspaper published at Athens, contains the following letter addressed to the Vice-Consul at Greece by the Insurrectionary Committee of Temenos and Malerysion, in the island of Candia:—

"Sir,—It is with a deep feeling, at the same time of grief and of honour, that we bring to your knowledge an act of ferocity committed by a Turkish vessel of the blockading fleet against women and children assembled upon the shore of the anchorage of Fodéles. These women and children were assembled there in consequence of the formal promise of the captains of European vessels, who, having taken other families from the anchorage of Balli, had promised to come for them at Fodéles.

"On the morning of the 12th (24th) August, towards sunrise, a Turkish steamer appeared in the distance under an unknown flag; then, approaching the shore, hoisted the glorious ensign of France and made signals inviting the families who for twenty days had, with beating hearts, awaited the return of the European vessels, to approach. At sight of the noble banner of France, crowds of women and children descended to the shore, blessing the saving vessel, and with tears in their eyes addressing to God ardent prayers for the noble and generous French nation, and for its glorious and philanthropic Emperor. But in the midst of the general joy, in the midst of these enthusiastic acclamations, the discharge of cannon filled the air, and the cowardly sides of the murderous vessel vomited balls, which, falling amidst the dense crowd of women and children, spread death and terror among those unprotected beings. After this ignominious action, the enemy's ship hauled down the tri-coloured flag, and hoisted in its place that of Turkey. Then only, the assassin threw off the mask, and, steering away from the anchorage, met four other Turkish vessels, which awaited him; and after having communicated with them he returned to the same spot, perhaps looking for an opportunity to repeat his act of black atrocity. In this ignoble assassination, four women (of whom one had an infant at the breast) were killed, as well as a young woman seventeen years of age, two little girls aged eight, and a little boy two years old. Two women, who were ill of fever, and received wounds, miscarried in consequence of fright; and a great many others were injured.

The letter then proceeds to ask the Vice-Consul to protest to his Government against the conduct of the Turks. Diplomatic intervention, unless it seems likely to be followed by a more earnest and significant course, will have very little effect on the Turks.

A "SCANDARENE" writes to the *Times* that the Viceroy of Egypt is not as good as his word touching the slave question. Mr. Reade, the British Acting Consul-General, went in disguise as a Moorish merchant to the markets, spied upon the dealers, and handed them over to the authorities. The mudir, or magistrate, pretended to be virtuously indignant at the traffic, but nothing was done eventually, except that Mr. Reade suspects that the Viceroy's henchman received £4,000 and two Caucasian slaves as a bribe for settling the matter comfortably for the dealers.

A GENTLEMAN writing to one of our daily contemporaries draws attention to the startling fact that between sixty and seventy officers of Customs are now engaged in watching the transhipment of grain in the port of London for conveyance to France. The total quantity of this grain, all of which comes from the north of Europe, and consists wholly of oats, shipped up to the end of last week, is estimated at one million quarters. This fact, if it be as stated, may not be of very great importance, but it can hardly be considered confirmatory of the peaceful declarations of the Emperor of the French.

THERE are certain humorous people who will extract merriment from any subject however dry, not even excepting that rather prosaic and unlikely affair, the Underground Railway. Mr. John Reid, a passenger by this line, entertained certain friends of his, who were also passengers, at the Gower-street Station, by a continuous and humorous display of coughing. A porter in the employment of the company, with a pardonable indignation at this form of sarcasm, required Mr. Reid to desist, threatening, if he did not, to remove him from the station. Mr. Reid continued the entertainment, to the apparent gratification of his friends, and varied it by pulling handfuls of hair out of the beard of the porter when that person attempted to carry out his threat of expulsion. Even in the presence of the police magistrate before whom he was summoned, Mr. Reid retained his full sense of the ridiculous. With a becoming humility he asserted that he coughed, not for fun, but in consequence of a cold, and excused himself for pulling out the porter's beard by the reasonable explanation that he had clutched at it to save himself from falling. The magistrate, who looked upon the affair in a stupidly practical light, fined Mr. Reid £3 for his indiscretion, and it seems probable that that gentleman when he next has a cold will stay at home and nurse it, and seek some more convenient support to save himself from tumbling than the beard of a railway porter.

WE are glad to find that among the recent Acts of Parliament is one to provide for the guarantee of persons holding situations of trust under Government by companies, societies, or associations. The object of the statute is that the guarantee of companies which comply with certain conditions should be accepted in lieu of securities which are frequently required in the public service from persons holding offices or employments. After a clause defining the terms used, the Act provides that on certain conditions companies may become guarantee for persons appointed to hold offices. The Treasury may issue regulations and certify the companies which have complied with the conditions of the Act. It is to be cited as "The Guarantee by Companies Act, 1867." This is a useful and humane piece of legislation, but its utility will depend, in a great measure, on the conditions under which it operates, which we have not seen.

THE ladies and gentlemen who figure in the Divorce Court and entertain the readers of penny newspapers with descriptions of the follies, sufferings, or crime sometimes attendant upon married life, do not in all cases seem to be very averse to again entering into those bonds which they once found inconvenient. In the year 1865 forty-nine divorced persons again braved the dangers of matrimony. Twenty-three gentlemen, who had got rid of their wives, replaced them by as many spinsters. Four gentlemen similarly situated, but of a bolder order of mind, sought in the society of four widows a return of that bliss which had vanished at the interference of Sir Cresswell Cresswell or Sir James Wilde, and seventeen bachelors and three widowers, men of unexampled courage, led to the altar twenty divorced ladies. In only one case did a lady and gentleman who had both disregarded the marriage tie again subject themselves to its restrictions, and it is to be hoped that all the good fortune which such an act of heroism deserves waited upon them.

AN incident which lately occurred on the railway between Bury and Manchester affords an example of the way in which railway accidents are sometimes occasioned. As one of the night trains was approaching Blue Pits Junction, the driver observed the signal to be "against him," and in vain tried, by whistling, to attract the attention of the pointsman, and have it put right. No notice having been taken, he went to the pointsman's box, and there discovered its occupant, who was nearly seventy years of age, dead in his chair. But for the fortunate circumstance which led the engine-driver to make his investigation, it is impossible to say what accidents might not have happened. This is only another instance of the recklessness with which the railway companies, who are agitating to have human life cheapened, conduct their business. It has been a common thing to find pointsmen kept on the watch and without rest for periods far exceeding human powers of endurance, and here we have the lives of hundreds of people depending upon the watchfulness of a man so aged and infirm that he dies at his work.

ONE of those institutions which "the liberty of the subject" fosters in this country—the mock auction—has lately been offering unusual advantages to its dupes. Customers have been invited to profit by "the late gales;" their attention being called to the fact that there were upon the premises for sale, "without reserve," a collection of articles, the contents of bales of "wrecked goods, sold by permission of the Board of Trade, to pay import duties." The intelligent and active auctioneer disregarded the circumstance that the goods about to be sacrificed were not of a class upon which any import duties whatever were payable, and we presume will evince a corresponding indifference to the official intimation from the Board of Trade that the statement about their permission is a falsehood. Surely there are some means of suppressing these haunts of swindlers. If the ringleaders of them cannot at once be made amenable to justice for conspiring to cheat, a policeman might be placed at the door of the auction-shop to warn purchasers of the real nature of the things sold within and the character of the persons who sell them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REDESDALE AND RAILWAY MORALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You have scotched Lord Redesdale, but you have not killed him. Nor will you. I know him. I have watched him for some years in the House of Lords. You have gauged his capabilities accurately, and you have done no injustice to his morose humour;

but under our happy Constitution, it is not by proving incapacity, spitefulness, constitutional tendency to calumnious error, and constitutional incapacity for repairing injuries, that you can destroy the position, or even damage the influence, of a Lord and Chairman of Lords.

When first his lordship raised the objections to the Great Eastern Finance Bill, which he has since developed by a *crescendo* of abuse, the Marquis of Clanricarde made this sensible observation :—"No business," he said, "not even that of a haberdasher, could be carried on satisfactorily if Parliament interfered with it as it does with railways." Lord Clanricarde added, that if shareholders did not elect proper persons for directors it was their own look out, and only so far as directors were answerable to the general law of the land could they justly be subjected to Parliamentary supervision. This latter observation raises from one point of view a question which Lord Redesdale's savage onslaught on the Great Eastern directors has raised from another. No one else supposes that directors can be let alone quite so absolutely as the Marquis of Clanricarde wishes them to be. But why? First, because railways cannot be made or conducted without serious interferences with private rights. Secondly, because our railway system was avowedly organized in view of the contingency that Government might eventually purchase the lines. The necessity for compulsory powers established the railway select committee legislation of Parliament. The prospect of Government proprietorship established what was once a very strong and effective railway department at the Board of Trade. These arrangements were not the best conceivable, but under them we have got the country well reticulated with convenient and punctually worked railways, which no one conceives it possible should ever be closed to any appreciable extent, whatever disasters may befall original or even preference shareholders. But what comes of our railway legislation at last? The answer is very humiliating—*Desinit in Redesdale.*

In other words, where there should be aid and comfort to men concerned in great and essential public works, there is only suspicion and insult. Where there should be genuine supervision and correction of the intricate and necessarily somewhat questionable arrangements to which adversity compels railway men, as it does others, there is only microscopic and mistaken carping at small points. Such is the operation of Lord Redesdale's veto. What must be the result? Nothing but paralysis if such a power continues, and is real in the hands of such a man. His scurries may drain the railways of capital; his criticisms and counter-checks will never correct the smallest of existing evils. An opinionated and reckless peer can destroy almost anything in England except the blind veneration which exists for his order; but neither Peer nor Commoner can reform anything without knowledge, judgment, and a sound perception of the real interests involved.

How little Lord Redesdale is possessed of these qualities he has again proved this week by two letters in the *Times*. He still harps upon the miserable little business of the Dunmow Railway. He still seems to fancy it the embodiment of all that is evil in railway management. Mr. Brassey is the Mephistopheles and Mr. Bidder the Faust, who between them have corrupted Lord Redesdale's Gretchen of railway purity. But Gretchen is really so very depraved, and has been in bad odour so long, that, even if Mephistopheles and Faust were as bad as Lord Redesdale says, they would still be rather the injured parties if their intrigue with so battered a virgin brought them into any discredit. In truth, however, Lord Redesdale is as unable to bring anything home to Mr. Brassey and Mr. Bidder as he is to persuade the public that so ridiculous a minutia of railway practice can have anything serious to do with the great mass of railway evil against which he vaporously declaims.

His letters this week consist solely of a mere screaming repetition of his unfounded allegations and unscrupulous abuse. Mr. Brassey has answered them, and having on a former occasion knocked his lordship's legs from under him, has been obliged to hit him when down. Mr. Brassey declines to bandy law with Lord Redesdale, but his assertion that neither Parliament nor court of law can punish the Great Eastern Company for fulfilling an Act of Parliament is incontrovertible. And it carries this corollary with it, that Mr. Brassey's claim for the work he did for the Great Eastern Company cannot be morally or legally invalidated. Of course, it can be immorally invalidated, and if that invalidation is accomplished by rejecting clauses in a Bill which are honestly meant to enable the Great Eastern Company to pay its just debt to Mr. Brassey, that gentleman's legal position is practically rendered worthless to him. But only a Redesdale could suppose that rank injustice such as this will bring "disgrace" upon any one but its author.

Not caring to notice Lord Redesdale's libellous attack on Mr. Bidder, as a contractor's nominee—nor his repeatedly-disproved imputations upon Mr. Brassey as to his exorbitant interest in the Dunmow works—nor his *mistake* about Mr. Sinclair having been "required to resign after the late investigation" (words chosen with ignoble discretion, by the way)—nor his phrase "disgraceful statements," applied most absurdly to two ordinary business allegations of fact—nor the copious multiplication of his charges of dishonesty—nor his atrocious suggestion that it is inconsistent with the credit of a company in any respect for Mr. Bidder to remain on its direction, or any one else, indeed, who considers Mr. Brassey ought to be paid for his work,—I shall conclude by throwing out to Lord Redesdale two challenges.

Having signally failed to damage the character of Mr. Bidder and Mr. Brassey, will he now prove by any other line of observation or criticism he may choose, that he is capable of throwing the faintest ray of light upon the real condition of the Great Eastern Railway, and the mistakes, misfortunes, or malfeasances which have produced it?

Will he, secondly, explain to the public how it is that he, lover of purity and sound administration as he assumes to be, has never proclaimed or sought to correct the exercise of that "Lords' prerogative over private business" which no one has better means of knowing to be as great a scandal as now attaches to our legislation? I thank you for opening this subject, though only by a hint. Pray pursue it, if you are not afraid of confusion and dirt.

My own disposition is censorious, but I confess this Dunmow discussion would prejudice me greatly in favour of railway managers, if I did not know that Mr. Brassey is a too favourable specimen of contractors, while the peer who has aspersed him is a too unfavourable example of that numerous, but hitherto rather unprofitable class, the censors of our commercial and joint-stock morals.

I am, &c.,

A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I have read with great pleasure your very sensible remarks on the "perils" of the Underground Railway, and your proposed remedy.

Without entering into any discussion of the merits of your plan, permit me to suggest that prevention is better than cure; and it has often struck me that there exists no necessity why the tunnels and stations of the Metropolitan Railway should be filled with sulphurous and suffocating vapours. It is within the knowledge of all readers of our daily and weekly literature that the great tunnel of the Alps has been for the last three years in the course of formation by perforating machinery driven by means of compressed air. The result is a perfectly pure and refreshing atmosphere in the tunnel, without any admixture of sulphur, carbon, or any other poisonous gas or vapour. Compressed air engines are coming into use, for working the ingenious machines employed for "getting" coal, and at the same time they effectually ventilate the galleries, and thus diminish the chances of that awful calamity—a coal-pit explosion. In the case of the railway, the boiler and furnace of the locomotive would be superseded by a sufficiently large and strong vessel for the compressed air, which might be kept at working pressure, taking in a supply from suitable magazines at the terminal stations. These magazines would be kept full of compressed air by fixed steam-engines of adequate power.

Yours obediently,

Sept. 4, 1867.

W. H. PORTER.

FINE ARTS.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

A FEW months ago Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who, by virtue of her name, must, of course, be a legitimate actress, however much her talent may be strained to reach that level, made her first appearance at the Haymarket in the character of Rosalind, in "As You Like It." This was a striking and agreeable piece of acting, the part suiting the lady's figure and manner. On Wednesday last she appeared as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." In this her performance was very crude and artificial, full of traditional points badly brought out, and deficient in real pathos and sincerity. Few experienced actors and actresses who undertake to represent the chief characters of Shakespeare, ever appear to believe in the parts they act, and they have consequently little or no hold upon their audiences. This fault is very apparent in Mrs. Scott-Siddons's acting of Juliet. What she has learnt she represents, and nothing more, and we look in vain in her performance for any

originality of conception or execution. Her elocution was disfigured by an American intonation, and her notion of action is to sweep about the stage in a long train, and to clasp her hands or raise them as much as possible, even in soliloquies. Her balcony scene was strained, and her potion scene wanted that real tragic force without which it borders on the ridiculous. The piece was elegantly put upon the stage, but the general acting was absurd or contemptible. Mr. Rogers's Friar Lawrence spouted like a sing-song school-boy at an annual examination, and Mrs. Chippendale's nurse was a good looking female pantaloons in petticoats. Mr. Kendal's Romeo had little more than good looks to recommend it. Mr. Compton's stolid clowning as Peter was the only commendable and really legitimate part of the entertainment. Such performances are getting far too common under the starring system, and they seldom give the public any true idea of an actress's or an actor's power. If Mrs. Scott-Siddons were to appear in an original drama, if such a production has any existence, and had to "create" a part, she would then be able to cut herself clear from her leading-strings, and show the full measure of her ability.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE Pascal-Newton controversy still continues to disturb the quiet of the French Academy. At the last meeting, M. Chasles brought forward certain evidence which, according to the editor of *L'Institut*, overthrows M. Faugére's assertion that the documents in question are forgeries. This evidence relates especially to the allegation on the part of M. Chasles's opponents that no unpublished work of Pascal existed. It was adduced by M. Balar, who quoted the preface to an early edition of one of Pascal's works to prove that Pascal left several important papers, which were not only not published but were carefully preserved by his family. We await M. Faugére's reply. For despite the statements of Dr. Hirst and Sir David Brewster in the Mathematical Section of the British Association, we cannot regard the question as decided.

Signor Secchi has reported the results of his observations of the falling stars at Rome during the past month. Unfortunately the observations were conducted by only two assistants, the remainder of the officers of the Observatory having fled on account of the cholera. On the 11th ultimo, the hourly number of meteors was 55. Hence it would seem that the diminution spoken of by M. Coulvier-Gravier does not occur at Rome. Signor Secchi then exhibited to the Academy a little pocket telescope to which he had adapted a small spectroscope. This instrument is well adapted to the wants of amateurs. By its use the spectra of the stars may be easily and with some accuracy examined, even by those who have none of the paraphernalia of the observatory.

Herr Lang recently presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Vienna on the crystallographic optics of a series of homologous and isomorphous substances, especially of combinations of the ammoniacal bases, and of the salts, with thallium, rubidium, and caesium bases. The details are of too technical a character for reproduction here, but those who are interested in such subjects will find the paper of some importance.

M. W. Reitz, of St. Petersburg, has published a paper on the croup-like inflammation of the trachea (windpipe) produced artificially. The experiments made by the author are of interest. The membrane was irritated artificially, and the inflammation followed the irritation in about half an hour. The first effect was the production of a series of new cells, which, according to the author, were evidently derived from the epithelium of the trachea. Subsequently there occurred coagulation of fibrine in the interstices of these cells. Thus there was formed a network of delicate filaments, whose meshes contained cells. These cells, when separated by means of needles, and examined under the microscope, were found to be simple spherical bodies unprolonged into filaments, as is sometimes seen. It was found that the changes in the outer membrane affected even the cartilages, which, in the shape of rings, keep the trachea open, and prevent suffocation.

The subject of the development of the eye in fishes has been carefully studied by Herr Schenk, who now publishes a paper embodying the results of his researches. Herr Schenk finds that the lens is developed from the external germinal lamellæ, and that the retina is developed from the thick inner wall of the ocular vesicle, the thin external wall contributing to form only the pigmentary layer of the choroid coat.

We gave our readers notice of the phenomenon which Jupiter presented on the night of the 21st ult., and we trust they did not lose the opportunity of noting one of the most remarkable points in the periodical history of the planet. Several astronomers have already recorded the results of their vigils, and amongst others the editor of the *Astronomical Register*, who states that the appearance of the shadows was very remarkable. When the five black spots were projected on the line of the belts they gave one the idea of "a bar of printed music."

Some of the Fellows of the Astronomical Society are complaining that great delays occur in issuing the "Monthly Notices." One Fellow states that he did not get his "Notice" of the meeting held on the 14th of June till the 25th or 26th of July, six weeks after the meeting. This is certainly wrong, and we hope that the grievance may be redressed. The "Notices" might easily be

published within a month of the date of the meeting. Who is responsible for the delay, the editor or the printer?

An interesting and detailed account of the progress of the Suez canal is being published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. The first contribution appeared in the number for Sept. 6, and is to be continued.

A telescope for the examination of objects situated under water, is said to have been devised in Paris, and to have been tested in one of the French canals. It is reputed to have enabled the observers to see pencil-marks distinctly at a depth of more than five feet. Its practical application will be to the examination of the hulls of ships, without placing them "in dock."

An explosive substance, whose effects are somewhat like those of gunpowder, has been discovered by M. Pool. It is prepared by the action of chlorate and of nitrate of potass on ordinary glue or isinglass.

The celebrated Dutch zoologist, Van der Hoeven, has published an essay on the singular amphibious reptile, the *Menobranchus*. He has sent it to the French Academy, and we may therefore hope to see it soon published in the *Comptes Rendus*.

Much attention has been given by European physiologists to the conditions which accompany muscular contraction, but the field is nevertheless a large and fertile one for industrious students. The paper which M. Chmoutevitch has just published on the influence of temperature in the contraction of the gastrocnemius muscle of the frog is sufficient proof that there is yet a great deal to be done ere physiologists can indulge in definitive conclusions. This *savant* has tabulated the results of a great number of experiments, of which the following are a sample:—1. The mechanical power of the muscle increases up to 30 to 33° (Centigrade ?), according to its length and tension. 2. If the temperature be raised above 33°, the power of the muscle diminishes, until as the temperature becomes higher, a point is arrived at which may be called the zero of work. 3. In experimenting with two muscles, which in all but temperature, are under like conditions, it is found that the one submitted to the higher temperature loses its power of contraction more rapidly than the other. 4. The total work of a muscle (represented by the weight it can sustain) is always greater at a low than at a high temperature. 5. The explanation of the increase of mechanical work during the elevation of temperature is found in this fact, that the elasticity of the muscle increases with the temperature.

A valuable paper on two new species of vegetable parasites in man has been published by M. Robert Wreden.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Academy of Belgium, M. van Bambeke read a memoir of considerable importance on the subject of *Pelobates fuscus*, a tailless Batrachian, whose embryology has not received much attention from naturalists. The facts recorded by M. van Bambeke are all of interest, but we can only refer to a few of the more striking ones. He has found that (as pointed out by Quatrefages in other animals) the disappearance of the germinal vesicle takes place independently of fecundation. The other points are as follows:—1. The ovarian ovum has no vitelline membrane. 2. The embryos adhere to one another on leaving the egg. 3. The ovum presents a *germinal fossa* which is not an aperture, but which the author compares to the *micropyle*.

Herr Steindacher records the discovery of several new species of fishes, which he ranges under the genera of *Glyptosternon*, *Caranx*, *Batrachus*, *Arius*, *Balistes*, *Heros*, and *Ctenolabrus*.

Herr Hlasiwetz has published a note in the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna on the chemical relations of cafeic acid. He found that by treating this acid with sodium amalgam he produced a *hydracid* by the addition of two atoms of hydrogen. This shows that there is an analogy between cafeic acid and cinnamic and coumaric acids. The three thus belong to one series, each term of which possesses an atom of oxygen more than the preceding one. Cafeic acid is isomeric with *umbelllic*, *evernic*, and *veratric* acids.

Herr Ettingshausen has published the third part of his "Fossil Flora of the Tertiary Basin of Bilin" (Bohemia). In this he deals with no less than thirty-four different families of the plants of the locality. Most of the species belong to genera of the present period, and are peculiar to the local flora of Bilin.

Herr A. Reuss has communicated to the Austrian Academy his essay on the *Foraminiferous fauna* of the country. He has discovered some new species, many of which he places in the family *Miliolidae*. The memoir will be of interest to those who pursue the study of these beautiful microscopic organisms.

A new planet has been discovered almost simultaneously, by Peters, of Hamilton College, U.S., and Tietjen, of Berlin. It was seen on the 7th of July, and appears to be about the 10th or 11th magnitude. It has been named *Undina*.

This discovery is of some interest, as it completes the hundred of these bodies now known. When Milton apostrophized the five "wand'ring fires" there were only six planets known. Astronomers believe that another planet exists within the orbit of Mercury, but it has not yet been found, and cannot therefore be made "a note of."

THE USE OF CHLORODYNE.—Chlorodyne, says the Malta correspondent of the *Times*, has been found most efficacious as a remedy for cholera, and a number of persons are reported to have been saved by its use. Great numbers of people die without calling a doctor, having no confidence in any of them; but as the news of Chlorodyne having done good is spread, applications for it are being constantly made to the English, who seem to be the only persons who possess any of it.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

TRADE remains without the slightest sign of revival. The prevailing dulness appears to increase every day, and hence many business-men are protracting their holidays beyond the usual period. The remark is repeated almost from week to week that the attendance in the City of merchants, bankers, and brokers was never so limited. Want of confidence is the sole cause of this stagnation. At home it is difficult for people who have suffered severely from the losses of the past year, and have seen to their cost the financial collapse of one great company after another, to regain their ordinary trust. Most inopportune, also, the revelations respecting trades' union outrages have been made in the present critical period. It has become difficult to decide which class is more unworthy of trust, the high or the low. This is a true representation of the public feeling exaggerated, as we may well know it to be. All great merchants, directors of public companies, bankers, and contractors are not the same as the few notorious instances that have lately come before the world to their own discredit. Neither are the working classes in any degree represented by such individuals as a Broadhead or a Slater. There seems, nevertheless, some peculiar fatality in the present state of affairs, since, taking the latter point, not even the latest strike in the metropolis was allowed to pass over without a distinct breach of faith. All these proceedings would necessarily exercise a prejudicial effect even in the best of times, but more than ever now, when the public, from past experience, are too ready to believe ill. Again, the certainty that the Abyssinian expedition will have to be carried out is extremely discouraging. To the financial world a little war of this sort means nothing more nor less than the absolute waste of so many millions sterling, with no chance of any compensating advantage whatever. Thus far for home matters. Abroad the prospect is little if at all better. Ominous rumours are circulated in Paris of the approaching collapse of the greatest financial institution founded during the Empire. At one time receiving the strongest support from the Government, commanding universal popular favour, and originating enormous industrial works, the value of which has long been appreciated, there is yet much fear that the great undertaking will have to succumb. Supposing that the crisis is surmounted, the mere fact that it was thought to be imminent is certain to have unsettled the public mind. Looking also at political affairs, there is a constant tremor, a fear of war, which all the assurances of the Emperor Napoleon and his ministers fail to dispel. A timid capitalist pays little attention to a pacific speech in one column of a foreign journal, when the next is filled with elaborate accounts respecting the destructiveness of a new gun manufactured in large quantities, and with the utmost secrecy and despatch. If any difficulty between France and Prussia should be successfully warded off, there is still that standing grievance—the Eastern question. Considering that our trade with Turkey and Egypt has made important progress during the past few years, the mercantile community are peculiarly sensitive upon this point. Even the abortive insurrection in Candia has caused, to say the least, much uneasiness, not merely among merchants alone, but also among the numerous body of small capitalists who have invested their savings in the securities issued by the Ottoman Empire.

The money market shows increasing ease. The directors of the Bank still maintain their rate at 2 per cent., but the supply in other quarters is superabundant, and the best bills have been occasionally negotiated at only 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, although 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ is the more regular charge. On the Stock Exchange loans are freely offered at 1 per cent., and notwithstanding the settlement of foreign stocks and shares which usually causes an increase in the demand, there are scarcely any borrowers. A further large sum in gold has been taken into the Bank this week, and the arrivals from Australia are continuous. A portion of these supplies may be diverted to the Continent for the purchase of silver, as the India Council are still curtailing their issues of bills on Calcutta and Bombay, with the view of keeping their funds well in hand to meet the temporary requirements for the Abyssinian expedition. Hence the export of silver to the East has slightly revived. Practically, these shipments are of no importance. Perhaps £10,000 or £20,000 may be sent away by each steamer, but this is a comparatively insignificant sum, and forms a strong contrast to the same class of transactions ten years ago, when upwards of a million sterling was taken by one vessel, and £600,000 or £700,000 were common totals. The accounts respecting the harvest are likewise satisfactory. Although the corn market experienced a rise last Monday, there seems little

question that the yield has been above the average. It is not uncommon at this period of the year for wheat to advance in price, especially, strange as it may appear, if the crops have been good. In the first place the farmers have not had time to thresh out the grain, and bring it to market; and, secondly, importers cease purchasing supplies abroad in view of the large yield at home. Hence it may happen that, for a few weeks, the holders of old stocks command the market, and for the time cause an advance in prices. The point, however, which we have chiefly to consider is, the ultimate out-turn, and the consequent likelihood or not of an export of specie to pay for foreign corn. The abundance of our own harvest, which is reluctantly owned, forbids the supposition of a drain of gold abroad on this account. In point of fact we are rather exporting than importing grain. Our oat crop has been unusually large; in France it has been a comparative failure. French merchants are therefore buying oats of us just as, a few years ago, we were buying wheat and flour from them. Taking the view of the least sanguine observers, there seems little doubt that, although we have at all times, to import a certain quantity of wheat, the proportion this year will be much below the average.

A sharp contest has lately taken place for a vacant seat in the direction of the Union Bank of London. The competitors were Mr. Walker, an original proprietor, who was said to receive the support of the present board and their friends; and Mr. W. S. Nottage, an independent candidate. The former succeeded, though by a comparatively small majority. The case is worth noting, since it rarely happens that a contest for a seat at the board of a joint-stock bank takes place. In nine cases out of ten the vacancy is quietly filled by the existing directors' nominee.

The half-yearly general court of proprietors of the Bank of England was held yesterday, Mr. T. N. Hunt, the Governor, presiding. The attendance was unusually limited, and the proceedings barely occupied five minutes. The profit for the six months ending the 31st August was announced to be £629,072, making the Rest on that day £3,657,003. A dividend was declared of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half-year, free of income-tax, leaving the Rest at £3,002,118. It was not generally expected that the dividend would exceed 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., so this result was considered satisfactory. Last year the distribution was 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but, as the Governor remarked in acknowledging the usual vote of thanks, the proprietors could hardly desire a continuance of those adverse circumstances which enabled the Bank at that time to make an exceptionally high profit.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25·20 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 1·10th per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the 9th inst. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The Crown Agents for the Colonies have disposed of £50,000 Natal Government 6 per Cent. Debentures by public tender at their offices. The applications amounted to £133,000, at prices varying from 70 to 103. All at and above £100. 5s. will receive in full, and one offer at £100. 3s. in part. The minimum was fixed at par.

The directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company are seeking subscriptions for £385,000 preference 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, on the terms stated in the following circular:—"The directors are issuing at par the perpetual four-and-a-half per cent. preference stock of this company, amounting to £385,000, created on the 16th November, 1866, for the purpose of the conversion of the shares of the Stockport, Disley, and Whaleybridge, and Buxton Extension Railways—the greater portion of which were held by the company. The ordinary capital, of which this stock has preference, is nearly £30,000,000 (thirty millions). The balance of net revenue, after the payment of working expenses, interest on borrowed money, rents, and all prior claims, is now about £1,900,000 per annum, while the interest on the above-named stock is only £17,325 per annum. The dividends on this stock will be paid half-yearly, at the same dates on which the London and North-Western dividends are payable. The stock will be registered in the names of applicants free of any expense. Interest at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the 1st of July to the date of payment, will be charged in order to entitle the holder to a full half-year's dividend in February next."

A report to the 31st ult. has been issued by the Agra Bank (Limited). It says that the results of business since the resuscitation have realized the best anticipations, and would admit of a dividend to the A shareholders; but that it has been resolved to postpone any distribution until the accounts shall have been made up at the end of the year. The creditors of the old bank have already received 15s. in the pound, with interest at 5 per cent., and it is believed that the discharge of the two remaining instalments of half a crown each, due respectively on the 15th of March and the 15th of July, 1868, can be effected considerably before those periods. On the question of the surplus assets that will remain to the old shareholders, the belief is they will realize the expectation hitherto expressed.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE WORKING CLASSES.*

SOME slight explanation, the authors seem to think, is due for the appearance of the present work. None, we can assure them, is necessary. The extracts already made from it in the second volume of "Questions for a Reformed Parliament," do not take from, but rather increase its interest. We gladly welcome the whole work. It fully deserves the honour of a separate publication. Of one of the authors we need say nothing. For years he has been known as a Liberal, and a consistent advocate of the best interests of the working men. We can only trust they will not forget him in the first Parliament which is returned by household suffrage, and that we shall have the benefit not only of his advice, but of his vote in St. Stephens. Such men as he are those whom we especially require in a Reformed Parliament. Of Mr. Lloyd Jones we know nothing beyond what we gather from the pages of the book itself. He appears to have been originally a working man, though we do not learn in what particular trade. It would be invidious to contrast the two styles. We shall merely content ourselves with observing that the two writers work admirably together, and that the theoretical views of the one most happily blend with the practical experience of the other. Before we speak of the book it will be necessary to say a few words about the note at the commencement. As might be expected, the writers could not in silence pass over the results of the recent Trades' Union Commission at Sheffield. They have, therefore, placed their remarks in the very best place—the beginning of the work. Here, at all events, they will be read by those who may not have the time or the patience to go through the whole book. Their view, we need hardly say, is not quite the ordinary one to which the public at large has been accustomed. Condemning, as strongly as possible the atrocious crimes, of which certain of the Sheffield Trades' Unions have been guilty, they point out the peculiar circumstances which, in a particular locality, have generated such crimes. And it is as well that the public should hear anything which may soften down the atrocity of those acts which the recent Commission has revealed. They have been a national disgrace; and, in our opinion, it was a great mistake that men of the stamp of Broadhead should have ever received an indemnity from the Commissioners, and should be allowed to walk about free and unpunished. We do not believe that an indemnity was required to reveal such atrocities. Guilt of such deep dye cannot for ever escape detection. In the long run sin betrays itself.

To return, however, to Messrs. Ludlow and Jones, it is but justice to remember that the Sheffield grinders' trade is peculiar. It is, perhaps, as they urge, more destructive to life than any other. The dust from the stones and the steel-filings collect on the lungs. Hence life is there lived harder and faster than elsewhere. The language of Thucydides upon the moral effects of the plague at Athens might be quoted as to the effects of such a trade as "dry-grinding" upon the workmen of Sheffield. It not only deadens the feelings, but breeds selfishness in its worst form. "Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas" has unfortunately become the motto of some of the Sheffield artisans. Coarse enjoyment for coarse enjoyment's sake is the only pleasure which some of them know. The moral results of such a life are inevitable. Men whose lives are doomed from the hour when they first go to work; who sit over stones which may any moment fly and carry them through the roof; who hear the hacking cough round them; who see consumption daily carrying off some fellow-workman in what ought to be the prime of life, are naturally reckless. And if men do not spare their own lives, they are sure not to spare those of others. To such circumstances and such surroundings as these Messrs. Ludlow and Jones in part attribute the cases of brutality at Sheffield. They do not for one moment excuse them, but simply endeavour in some degree to explain them. Again, too, they warn us of the great mistake of confusing all trades' unions together. As they say:—

"The 160 fork-grinders of Sheffield, all told, whether in or out of union, always confined to the same locality, following a dangerous occupation from boyhood to the grave, in the same slough of local interest, prejudice, and passion, bear but a slight moral resemblance to the men of the engineering, building, and other trades, who are associated in their tens of thousands, who pass continually from shop to shop, and from town to town, acquiring information by experience, and rubbing off or lessening stupid prejudices and personal animosities by constant contact with fresh faces, new ideas, and altered conditions of life."

Another point, too, which must be remembered is, that these outrages are far less numerous now than they used to be. As the authors write:—"What we see is but the last flickering out, not the first outbreak of a baleful flame;" and we will hope that they are right. It is not the outrages which are new, but the revelation of them. Shocking and fiendish as they have been, they do not, as some of our contemporaries have endeavoured to show, prove the inherent wickedness of all trade societies. As Messrs. Ludlow and Jones write:—"The air-gun and the powder-can of the Sheffield unionist no more prove that all trade combinations should be suppressed, than the dagger of Ravaillac proves that all religious associations should be put down." Trades' unions and trade societies are a product of the age, and we should seek rather to

make new laws for them than to suppress them. As Mr. Goldwin Smith said in an admirable letter, published a little time since in the *Daily News*, on the subject:—"The trades' unionist will be far more dangerous when crouching than when standing upright." In short, the unions must be brought into harmony with the spirit of the day. The crimes must be sternly suppressed, and the authors punished, and not allowed to go free like Broadhead. Whatever is good in them must be fostered and encouraged. And thus out of what has been a great national sin, a national good may arise.

We will now turn to the body of the book. It is divided into seven parts, dealing with the condition of the working class in 1832, the progress of legislation, 1832-66, the influence of the working classes on legislation, the use made by them of it, and their general moral progress. The first part, on the condition of the working class in 1832, is written by Mr. Lloyd Jones. And by the working class Mr. Jones simply means those who earn their living by their muscles. In the first place, a wide distinction must be drawn between the agricultural labourer and the artisan. The former class is decreasing, but the latter increasing. It appears by the census returns of 1851 and 1861 that the agricultural class had in the interval diminished from 2,084,153 to 2,010,454, whilst the artisan class had increased no less than 2,088,615. As Mr. Jones says, "farm labourers have few political thinkers among them," yet we ought to remember that Cobbett sprang from them. There is, however, a wide difference between the two. The agricultural mind is bovine. The labourer does not associate—he herds. Mr. Jones again divides the Manchester and West Riding of Yorkshire mechanic from his fellow in London, and gives the palm for activity and vigour of mind to the former, adding:—

"Without disparagement to the London working men, who have qualities of their own, it is certain that almost, if not quite all great movements affecting the class have had their origin in the provinces. Time after time the part of the Metropolis has been to crown a work which it had not begun."

This may be said more in reference to social than to political matters. Certainly, during the late session the working men of London have been active enough in the cause of Reform and the Parks Bill. The crowded meetings in Hyde Park, Trafalgar-square, and at St. James's Hall both began and ended the present Reform Bill.

Another most interesting portion of the first part is the writer's account of the Manchester operative in 1832. We can only briefly summarize it by saying that the hours of labour were then more fit for slaves than Englishmen, that the food was not only insufficient in quantity but bad in quality, that young children were compelled to work in the factories at five years old, that disease and deformities were everywhere common—"the factory leg," "flat foot," "in-knee," and curvatures of the spine—that ignorance was the rule, and to be able to read and write the exception; whilst trade societies, now supposed to be new inventions, ground down the men with frightful tyranny. Such is a picture of the state of the Manchester operatives about the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. The Reform Bill of 1867 has certainly seen some improvement. And in the second part Mr. Ludlow has thoroughly worked out the comparison between the two periods. Many of the improvements will occur to everybody—the enactment of the various Factory Acts, reducing the labour hours to ten and a half a day; the establishment of the Post-office savings-banks, the various mechanics' institutes and free libraries, the recognition by law of the various friendly, loan, and building societies, to say nothing of a cheap postage and a cheap press. But this is only the beginning of the end. Much has been done, but more remains to be done: 1867 sees us still in a state of great ignorance. But, after the progress which has been made during the last thirty years, nothing is impossible. Nor must we forget what the artisan has done for himself. He has availed himself, as Messrs. Ludlow and Jones show beyond a doubt, of each benefit which our improved laws have given him. Year by year the statistics show a decrease of drunkenness and crime, and an increase of education and material prosperity. His recreations are of a more humanizing character. A taste for music, the good effects of which cannot be overvalued, is springing up. Cheap music is in fact a thing of to-day. Excursion trains confer a benefit which was once the privilege of the wealthy classes. And there is no education like that of travelling. It breaks up narrow prejudices, and gives new ideas. Those only who know the north of England know the extent to which the artisan avails himself of cheap excursion trains. Of cheap literature, too, he has become the real patron. The working man is the support of the penny press, whilst the penny newspaper is really the working man's educator. Nearly every large town in the north of England has one or more daily penny papers, and the majority of them are Liberal. We cry out in alarm against democracy, but democracy is already amongst us. If any one wishes to know the present power and wealth of the working classes, let them read Messrs. Ludlow's and Jones's chapter on trade societies. One of these societies last year numbered 30,984 members, with an income of £75,672. 6s. 2d., and a clear balance in hand of £115,357. 13s. 10d. There cannot be a greater mistake to represent, as our Tory journalists do, the members of these societies as consisting of two classes—knaves and dupes. Even men of the stamp of Lord Elcho have been obliged to confess their utility. It is not idleness but industry which they are intended to promote, however much their original purposes may have been frustrated. To quote one instance out of many which are given in Messrs. Ludlow and Jones's pages, the South York-

* *Progress of the Working Class, 1832-67.* By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. London: Alexander Strahan.

shire Miners' Association were able to send £1,500 to the widows and orphans of the men who were killed at the Oaks Colliery explosion, and afterwards contributed not less than £50 a week to their maintenance. We much regret that we cannot follow Messrs. Ludlow and Jones's account of co-operative societies, which, as far as distributing stores, are doing so much good for the working man. We doubt, however, if they can be permanently, in spite of what Mr. Ludlow says, developed beyond this sphere of action—whether a society would be able to compete on equal terms in any critical state of the markets with single individuals. We should like, too, to have made some remarks on the religious views of our artisans. In conclusion, we cannot too highly praise the present work. It is a perfect mine of information, and should be read by everybody who has the interests of his country at heart, however much he may disagree with some of its conclusions.

THE POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.*

IN April, 1847, when the volume of letters, published by M. Rendu commences its story, the Roman people assembled to the number of five or six thousand, to bid the Sovereign Pontiff "bon voyage" on his way to Subiaco, although he started at three o'clock in the morning, which, as D'Azeglio truly observes, was "rather a serious trial for their enthusiasm." In the month of September of the same year, this enthusiasm was at a still higher pitch, not merely in Rome, but throughout Italy, for at that moment "Pius IX. was the promoter of the whole Liberal movement, the Papacy was at the head of the century." Men did not stop to inquire whether this could last. Meanwhile, from the most strangely opposite quarters came chaplets of praise to crown afresh the patriot Pontiff, who was to "rehabilitate the Papacy" in the eyes of all Europe, and to "succeed, where Bossuet and Leibnitz had failed, in restoring the unity of Christendom." So monster meetings were got up at New York, and American Protestants crowded in masses to write congratulatory letters to the successor of St. Peter, "not as Catholics, but as children of a Republic, and friends of Liberty." And Sultan Abdul-Medjid, greatly struck no doubt by the Liberalism of Pio Nono, expressed his desire to open diplomatic relations with the "servant of the servants of God," so that for the first time since the days of Bajazet and Innocent VIII., a Mahometan envoy trod the soil of the Eternal City. To complete the picture, a muezzin should have proclaimed the hour of prayer from the dome of St. Peter's.

In the wake of the Papal champion of Italian independence were to be seen divers incongruous figures, struggling to keep pace with their leader, and swallowing large doses of "constitutionalism" with scarcely suppressed disgust. The King of Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany gave parliaments and constitutions and pledges of good government, all of which they withdrew as soon as circumstances, *i.e.*, Austrian bayonets, enabled them. They probably thought that their good father, the Head of Christendom, had gone mad, and that it behoved them to appear mad likewise, until they could safely abjure their "temporary insanity." If the Pope had at the time understood all the difficulties that would inevitably surround the un-Papal position he had taken up, he might have preached a soul-stirring discourse, much after the fashion of the Presbyterian minister who told his congregation that "all the efforts of the Ethiopian to change his skin, and of the leopard to change his spots, had *hitherto* failed." There was a delicate irony in the minister's qualifying addition to Scripture, which would have quenched the fire of Italian enthusiasm had it been uttered in the zenith of Pontifical glory. The thing was contrary to nature, and therefore could not succeed; it had always "hitherto failed," and therefore was unlikely to succeed now. But in 1847, men only remembered that Popes had led the cause of Italian autonomy in a death-struggle with the power of Cesar, which was, theoretically, only another phase of their own power. Now, Cesar Augustus was laid in his grave, and a crowd of small potentates thought they could copy his greatness by imitating an autocracy which had not been found tolerable even at the hands of a "Lord of the World," the acknowledged arch-suzerain of all the princes of Western Christendom.

If a Pope was once more willing to gird the sword of St. Peter, and send the armies of Italy to battle with the "Carroccio" in their midst, must not victory attend a war so guided, so blessed?

D'Azeglio, in common with the rest of his fellow-countrymen, believed at first in the possibility of Papal leadership, and acted as Pius IX.'s right-hand man in all the early part of his reign. But he soon noted the probable points of divergence between the two sides of the Sovereign Pontiff's position. In April, 1848, he writes to M. Rendu, quoting the concluding sentence of an "Address to the People of Italy," and giving his opinion that "the struggle between the Head of the Church and the Italian Prince had begun." How this struggle waxed hotter, and this incompatibility of interests grew wider, we know from the history of those troublous times. We cannot doubt that the revulsion was as severe to the Pope himself as to the country that had so fondly believed in him. The nature of the feelings roused by the defection of the Pontiff from the banner he had helped to raise, finds apt expression in the following lament of D'Azeglio, written in 1861:—"Ah! Rome!

* L'Italie, de 1847 à 1865: Correspondance Politique de Massimo d'Azeglio: accompagnée d'une Introduction et de Notes. Par Eugène Rendu. Paris, Didier & Cie. London: Roland.

Rome!" is his cry, "when I think of what Pius IX. *has been*, of what he might become, for himself, for Italy, for the world! And now!" This unfinished exclamation is more eloquent than many a long speech. Again, in 1854, D'Azeglio had written thus touchingly concerning the religious side of the defection, "I am indignant at seeing the religion of my country destroy itself with such obstinacy, through the hands of its own chiefs; . . . and then, *I have loved poor Pio Nono, and I love him still.*" If his Holiness ever sits over his fire on a cold winter's evening, in the Vatican, does he not, must he not, sometimes feel haunted by the "ghost of the past"? Surely the "pictures in the fire" must, sometimes at least, call up bitter memories of a lost love that he can never more know, of a great opportunity that can never return. For he must be well aware that, as Massimo d'Azeglio remarked at the time, "Such opportunities are not twice given by God in a life-time."

How hard D'Azeglio worked whenever and wherever anything was to be done for his country the letters which M. Rendu has so wisely and lovingly given to the world afford ample proof. Written in the same unaffected, frank style as the "Ricordi," which we lately noticed, the charm of the one book is fully sustained by the other, and the regret all must feel at the unfinished condition of Massimo d'Azeglio's "Autobiography" is lessened by the happy consecutiveness with which the "Letters" carry on the thread of Italian history from the year in which the "Ricordi" broke off. Every turn of the wheel of politics, every move on the board, whether for or against Italy, is carefully noted and keenly discussed in these admirable letters, which reflect D'Azeglio's innermost thoughts, and even the fluctuations of his opinion on all the important questions that arose between 1847 and 1865, and one of which even now presents so much difficulty. The "Roman Question" occupied a prominent place in D'Azeglio's mind; he perpetually recurs to it, to warn his countrymen against ever attempting to make the Eternal City an *administrative* capital. It must, in his eyes, ever remain the "Sacred City," under the suzerainty (*not* sovereignty) of the Holy Father, but governed by its own municipality. Looking forward to the day when French soldiers might no longer be seen in the streets of Rome, he earnestly hopes that that the "Municipio" may by that time be the real masters of the city, else "he knows not what will happen." What would he have said to the Antibes Legion and the Pontifical Zouaves as defenders of a *status quo* that can hardly, by any amount of propping, last much longer? Will even these, with all their "bravery," preserve more territory for their employer than the Vatican and "a little garden"? The solution of this question cannot be distant now.

After sharing actively in the mingled glories and disasters of the stirring years 1847-8-9, it was reserved for Massimo d'Azeglio once more to work for Rome by taking in hand the Legations in 1859, and the account he gives to M. Rendu shows how thoroughly his heart was in the work. The state of things on the withdrawal of the Austrian troops is very graphically described in Letter XLV. (p. 105).

"This is what took place at Bologna: On the departure of the Austrians, Cardinal Millesi sent for the 'Municipio.' 'Gentlemen, can you answer for tranquillity?' 'No, your eminence.' 'Then I leave.' 'Yes, your eminence!' After the Cardinal's departure everybody embraced everybody else; they proclaimed Victor Emanuel dictator, and all went as merry as a marriage bell." And when the peace of Villafranca altered their position towards Piedmont, the Central States, which had temporarily placed the supreme power in the hands of the one prince they found true to the Italian cause, at once voted for annexation. For it must be remembered, as M. Rendu points out in a foot-note (p. 112), that before Villafranca, the dictatorships offered to Victor Emanuel by Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, had not signified "absorption into Piedmont," but the transmission of power for carrying on the national war. During the anxious period of transition between the departure of the Austrian troops and the completion of the union of *Æmilia* with Piedmont, D'Azeglio laboured night and day for the good of the people among whom it was his lot to have influence. He describes his state of mind by saying, that even as Queen Mary of England was reported to have had Calais engraved on her heart, so would "Central Italy" be found graven on his own heart. Had the annexation been opposed by any Foreign Power, D'Azeglio felt that Italy would have taken up arms on the spot, and he did not think that another Novara would kill Piedmont, or a second House of Savoy. To abandon the Legations would have been not only fraught with danger but with dishonour, and in this true knight's eyes anything would be preferable to the loss of honour. As for the *danger*, we will only quote his own words (Letter LX. p. 146), where, from the depth of his personal knowledge, D'Azeglio says, "Heaven forbid that the people of Romagna should think for only twenty-four hours that the Government of the 'preti' would return! They have burnt their ships, and it would be war to the last drop of their blood." "Some months since," he further states, "a man of the 'people' came up to Pepoli in the Piazza San Petronio at Bologna, and said, 'Perhaps the Roman priests will return; but then, *not one of the priests here will escape!*' Well might he add, "if matters go wrong, be on your guard!"

The gradual adhesion of one part of Italy after another to a definite political system whose centre was the House of Savoy, made D'Azeglio throw to the winds all notions of a simple *confederation*, such as had been proposed in the celebrated pamphlet "Le Pape et le Congrès," and to look for the proximate formation of a united kingdom. "There is no more talk," says he in 1862, "in the face

of recent events, of Piedmont, of Tuscany, of the Roman States, of Naples, but of Italy ;" and again, alluding to the sufferings of his country at the hands of her many rulers, "They who sow the storm must reap the whirlwind."

This unity, which he had hoped for against hope, and laboured for in season and out of season, with his brain, and his pen, and his voice, according to the requirements of the moment, D'Azeglio lived to see firmly established. He who had almost despaired, after Novara, of being permitted to see with his own eyes the fruition of his long-cherished desires, was spared to contribute much towards their fulfilment. He who had introduced Cavour to the royal council-board, lived to serve with him, and to mourn over his loss with all Italy.

To those who know how to esteem an honest, single-hearted worker in a noble cause, we would say in the concluding words of Massimo d'Azeglio's last letter, "Do not forget the Old Hermit of Cannero."

VERSE AND WORSE.*

WE are irresistibly reminded of Pope's forlorn cry on glancing at the metrical deluge that has poured in upon us :—

"The Dog-star rages : nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out."

This simultaneous upraising of a number of poetic voices can hardly be thought a coincidence. There must be some good reason or other for it, and Pope perhaps was not very wide of the mark when he instanced the Dog-star as a likely cause. For our part we wonder he didn't rather accuse the moon. Perhaps his mentioning Bedlam was a delicate allusion to the moon's influence over the poetic mind. In the absence of anything like reputation, we believe we do right in giving precedence to bulk ; and we therefore begin with the stout volume by Mr. T. Herbert, called "Sketches by the Wayside." We think it a mistake for a young or unknown poet to give the public too much to begin with. Poetry, like a bun, is always filling at the price. Prose is, after all, the roast beef of literature, and poets, at the best, cannot but regard themselves in the light of men who serve up the *entrées* at the intellectual feast. Now it needs no *gourmand* to tell you that an *entrée*, to be good, must not be in abundance. The appetite is solicited not only by the flavour, but by the diminutive piquancy of the dish. This view of the matter does not seem to have entered into Mr. Herbert's mind during the composition of his "Sketches." A "Metrical Tract," consisting of 134 pages, and miscellaneous poems running into 452 pages, are suggestive of a repellent influence that we are afraid will not serve to enhance the sale of the book. This of the quantity ; as to its nature all that can be said of it is, that it is very often poor stuff, and very seldom reaches even the mediocrity that is within the power of the inferior imitator to reach, as the inferior imitator often shows. We have a long concatenation of numbers—we cannot call it a poem—extending considerably over 100 pages, called "Alice Power," of which the measure is that of old Robert Lloyd when he used to write metrical epistles to Churchill. Anybody who is acquainted with this measure knows that after three pages of it have been read, it becomes the deaddest, dullest, flow of sound in the world. Wit redeemed the old poets' choice of this measure ; but whenever they nod you may be sure their readers nod too. Of the extent to which a genuine soporific influence can be pushed in verse, none can form the least idea until they have begun this poem of "Alice Power ;" no, not even if they have commenced Blackmore, Ambrose Phillips, Pye, and Tupper.

It would be hard to say what the poem by Arthur H. W. Ingram, called "The Doom of the Gods of Hellas," would be without its title. However, it is useful in this way ; it proves that twenty-one verses, written in the Spenserian measure, expressing platitudes worn to attrition by constant handling, the whole dignified with a big-sounding title, do not make poetry. In truth we are a little tired of this perpetual twanging upon the classic chord of the poetic lyre. Is Grecian mythology the only subject in the world that poets can nowadays sing ? But there is something inexorable in this natural compensativeness ; nature permits us to be ravished by the poetic fury of a singer like Mr. Swinburne ; then she turns upon us and tortures us by the harsh dissonance of the many whom the success of Mr. Swinburne has called into being. Some of Mr. Ingram's poems are not without merit. There are some pretty thoughts in the "Dying Girl," and the "Address to Beauty," though without subtlety, is musical and graceful. The sonnets are invariably poor. We read them carefully through, in the hopes of finding something good to say of them ; but we could discover nothing better than this :—

* Sketches by the Wayside. By T. Herbert. London : Bennett.
The Doom of the Gods of Hellas ; and other Poems. By Arthur H. W. Ingram. London : Bennett.
Poems. By Bramantiss Camenes. London : Bennett.
Poems. By Claude Lake. London : Bennett.
A Rhymer's Wallet. By Cradock Newton. London : Bennett.
Poems : Sacred and Miscellaneous. By an Officer. London : Elliot Stock.
Songs and Ballads. By Charles Swain. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
War and Peace ; or, Two Aspects of the World. A Poem in Two Cantos. By John Werge. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Lancashire Songs. By Edwin Waugh. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Choosing : a Poem. London : Bennett.
Penny Poems. By Owen Howell. London : F. Pitman.

"Bitter experience the Athenians taught
That by fair sights and sounds of art and grace,
Culture of mind, not wisdom may be bought,
And this in States should aye hold highest place."

Such are the trite sentiments that everywhere pervade these poems.

Nothing can be more intolerable than laboured simplicity. The young lady of eight-and-twenty summers who assumes the unsophisticated glance and smile of a child as she tells you that "Mamma always thought me a wild thing," is not a bit more absurd than the man of rhyme who clothes the silliest themes in what he imagines to be the language of simplicity, but which in reality is the language of nonsense. Thank goodness this kind of thing is not much practised. In our own times we suppose we must attribute to Mr. Tennyson's poem of "Dora" the inspiration of such attempts. We wonder if "Dora" would ever have been written had the author known that one of the consequences of its composition would have been such an outbreak as "Poems," by Bramantiss Camenes ? (Phœbus, what a name !) "Oakburn" is the name of one of these unsophisticated old-young-lady outbreaks in blank verse ; and in this outbreak occur these remarkable lines :—

"I wonder if this rich rug be the rug,'
Said Ronald, as they waited for the lady.
She entered ere he heard. 'And so, my dears,
So this is Mr. Noel. Mr. Noel,
What do you think of Oakburn ? need I ask ?'"

The whole book is written in this strain. With the exception of some rhymes at the end, it is all blank verse ; and Johnson's joke of "blank verse being only poetry to the eye" never had a more literal exemplification than in these "Poems."

Mr. Claude Lake writes with immense enthusiasm. This hardly serves him in the stead of culture. It sometimes makes him poetical ; it frequently makes him bombastic. Let him refine his poetic instincts a little, and, instead of aiming at the moon with the probability of miscarriage, be content to direct his power to nearer objects with the certainty of success. His "Poems" are the utterances of a mind wrought up to a bursting belief in the might and importance and grandeur of everything that it proposes to sing about. Joseph Mazzini is this gentleman's idol. He addresses him in language that would be hyperbolical if applied to Napoleon III. as a statesman, to Milton as a poet, to Jeremiah as a prophet. He first of all describes a torrent, roaring over this, thundering grandly against that, lashing the clouds with terror (?), foaming with white dazzling flashes, and so forth. Then, says he to Joseph Mazzini—

"E'en thus thou art ! for that Titanic stream
But a material symbol was of thee !
A dim reflection of thy being did seem,
Thou man, high-souled as son of man can be !
Into whose mind—vast, noble, pure, and free—
Flash awful revelations, life-like, in ;
Unveiling spiritual laws to thee ;
Great central truths that glow all life within,
That move the nations on, and make the planets spin."

If we apply such language as this to men whom we esteem, what is to be said of men whom we admire ? To a correct mind the compliment that is false is fulsome. If the exigencies of rhyme demand the employment of hyperbole, we have nothing to say. But one would like to ask Mr. Lake, "what about truth ?"

"A Rhymer's Wallet" is the best collection of poems we have yet read on our list. Naturally enough, a good many of the verses are imbued with the influence of Tennyson ; but when Mr. Newton sings for himself he sings well. "Dead Minna" is a lyric genuinely simple and beautiful. "Edwin to Angelina," in spite of its namby-pamby name—so very suggestive of "Turn gentle hermit of the dale"—is subtle, passionate, and powerful. Mr. Newton possesses a poetic diction that is copious without prolixity. There is no need for him to imitate others ; let him think for himself. We would caution him to beware of the influence of Mr. Swinburne. He has yielded to it, as one can see, in this :—

"Her faint, fierce glamour of touch and of eye,
The cruel, warm, sweet bane of her breath," &c.

Let Mr. Newton reperuse these lines calmly, and we can assure him that he will think them nonsense. Every imitator of a poet fancies that by catching the expression he is representing the spirit. If Mr. Newton cannot see this, we are sorry ; for we honestly believe him to be a clever man.

"Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous," by "An Officer," form a little volume of rhymes that will do well enough to give away to friends. People like to number a real author amongst their acquaintances ; and with the help of his little volume, "An Officer" will be able to assume that position in the eyes of those to whom he gives his work. We are afraid that it will do no more for him, however.

The name of the author of "Songs and Ballads," Mr. Charles Swain, has been made familiar long ago to the readers of magazines and periodicals. His "Songs and Ballads" belong to a school of poetry that is rapidly growing extinct : we refer to the school of Alaric A. Watts, Barry Cornwall, "L. E. L." Dr. Mackay, and others. Of course, these authors have composed poems that are not likely ever to be forgotten ; but the school of which they were the disciples has died away without finding others willing to sustain or resume its method of poetic thought. Lyrics simple, artless, and impassioned form the staple commodity of this intellectual market ;

but we meet with no subtlety of thought, no original exposition of spiritual or physical phenomena. There are some poets who have the faculty of wedging words to a hidden, perceptible music of their own. Melody would lend them no new charm. Just as the "Songs without Words" convey all the mysterious inarticulate eloquence of unspoken words, so these poems murmur a strange secret music, like the low musical moaning that is heard in the dead stillness of earth and sky on a summer's night. The songs of Mr. Charles Swain's school seem purposely written to be set to music. But this need not detract from their merits. In the volume before us there are some charming lyrics, many of which remind us of Moore in his happiest moods. We would particularly indicate the poems called "A Word of Thine" and "Darkness upon the Sea."

"War and Peace ; or, Two Aspects of the World," by John Werge, is a dissonant rhythmic clamour in two cantos. The author should have dedicated his book to Dr. Cumming. The intelligible poems in the "Lancashire Songs," by Mr. Edwin Waugh, are readable and amusing. The uncouth, barbarously-spelt words that he employs in his other compositions suspend criticism, by making criticism impossible. Mr. Waugh has had sense enough, however, not to append a glossary to his work. Uncouth words may be forgiven, but a glossary never ! A glossary is a refinement upon intellectual suffering ; it is a complication of vulgar perplexities. "Choosing" is the name of a pamphlet in measure, that flows musically enough along, seldom tripping, and never thoughtful. "Penny Poems" were doubtless written to circulate in charity schools. If so, the schools in which they are suffered to circulate, deserve to lose the name of charity. Says Mr. Owen Howell, the author—

"I sing the Post-office—a theme not sung
By other bard, but no unworthy one.
Letters my subject—newspapers and books."

A truly admirable effort to restore the lost glories of the Muse of the "Seasons." Mr. Owen Howell would evidently "rather be a kitten and cry mew, than one of those tame metre ballad-mongers" who have written poetry since the times of those bards who began their strains with an invocation to the Muse. Well, we much hope that Mr. Howell's charity children won't look their gift-horse in the mouth.

ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.*

WHEN a vein of strong religious feeling runs through a novel, it is apt to exercise a very deadening effect upon the spirit of the story. The novelist's religion is usually of a remarkably polemical nature, and beneath the icy blast of controversy the flowers of poetry wither, the hand of the artist grows cold and stiff. We are all only too well acquainted with the ordinary evangelical romance, in which an erudite Low-Churchwoman possesses, almost in her infancy, an amount of Protestant learning which would enable her to confute the whole College of Cardinals, and eventually wins the heart of the richest nobleman in the county. With the High-Church novel we are even more familiar, for Miss Yonge and her imitators have gained for it a certain popularity, one which, in many cases, is not wholly undeserved, although there is no little narrowness and intolerance displayed in most of the books of this class. Dissenters have not availed themselves to any very great extent of the assistance which fiction offers to a zealous proselytizer, and we do not often meet with works resembling that American romance in which so great an effect is produced by the heroine's determination never to marry any one but a Hard-shell Baptist. Perhaps, as years go by, and the thoughts of men expand, every sect will have its advocate in fictitious as well as in periodical literature. A Mormon romancer would have enviable opportunities at his disposal for settling his superfluous heroines, and we believe that a genuine sensation might be created by an author who was bold enough to make his hero a conscientious Muggletonian. If such books appear in our time, we shall read them with interest. At present it is to a work of a different nature that we propose to call the attention of those of our readers who are not already acquainted with it—a story which is not, and does not pretend to be, "a religious novel," but one which is full of the most true religious feeling, and which, without sermonizing, teaches a moral lesson that too many sermons fail in inculcating.

The story of "Alec Forbes of Howglen," a reprint of which is now before us, endeared itself, no doubt, to most of our readers when it first appeared, two years ago. We need not, therefore, enter upon an analysis of its plot, nor is it necessary to follow continuously the fortunes of any but one of its leading characters. Our present intention is rather to dwell upon the religious teaching conveyed in the account of the mental trials and consolations of Annie Anderson, the story's charming heroine, and of the schooling through which she went in the secluded little township in which her lot was cast. It is difficult to say which is the most attractive of the two great charms of the book, the music of the poetry which renders so many of its chapters melodious, or the nobility of the thought by which it is throughout informed. Of the first, it would be easy to fill our columns with specimens, so numerous are the prose poems scattered about the story, describing the face of nature in its various moods, or telling some tale of humble joy or

sorrow. But we will pass on to the account of Annie Anderson's religious experiences, written by Mr. MacDonald in his graver mood, full of deep and genuine feeling and sympathy, from first to last wise and tender and true.

When we first meet with Annie Anderson she is "a delicate child about nine years old, with blue eyes half full of tears, hair somewhat between dark and fair, gathered in a silk net, and a pale face, on which a faint moonlike smile was gathering." She is alone in the world, for her parents are dead, and she is left to the charge of a hard, miserly, unsympathetic relation, who rejoices in the kingly name of Robert Bruce. The scene with which the description closes of the first day she spends in his house gives an excellent idea of his nature and of hers. Very simple and very touching is the account of her horror when, after being sent to bed in the dark in order to save the value of a candle-end, her prayers were interrupted by a terrible noise of scrambling and scratching and scampering in the very room beside hers. She knew there were rats near her, creatures of which she was terribly afraid, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth with terror.

"But her heart did what her tongue could not do—cried out with a great and bitter cry to one who was more ready to hear than Robert Bruce. And what her heart cried was this: 'O God, tak' care o' me frae the rottans !' There was no need to send an angel from heaven in answer to this little one's prayer; the cat would do—Annie heard a scratch and a mew at the door. The rats made one frantic scramble, and were still. 'It's pussy !' she cried, recovering the voice for joy that had failed her for fear. Fortified by her arrival, and still more by the feeling that she was divine messenger sent to succour her because she had prayed, she sprang out of bed, darted across the room, and opened the door to let her in. A few moments and she was fast asleep, guarded by God's angel, the cat, for whose entrance she took care ever after to leave the door ajar."

Her next trial is in the day-school to which she is sent, over which presides a village tyrant named Murdoch Malison. So terrible to his scholars does he make the hours they spend with him, that "Every day to them was a cycle of strife, suffering, and deliverance. Birth and death, with the life-struggle between, were shadowed out in it—with this difference, that the God of a corrupt Calvinism, in the person of Murdoch Malison, ruled that world, and not the God revealed in the man Christ Jesus." Most of the children who attend his school feel the day more or less a burden, but they go home to heaven for the night. Annie has no home, for the Bruces' house is none for her, so that there is nothing for a time to restore her spirits in the intervals between her sufferings, and she loses strength and vitality; the little colour she used to have dies out of her cheeks; her face grows thin; her eyes, though tears are seldom seen in them, "look well acquainted with tears;" and she never smiles, for there is nothing to make her smile. Mr. MacDonald writes about the tyrant with a righteous wrath, but also not without a kindly appreciation of the fragment of good that lies buried beneath evil in the man's nature. He brings down upon him deserved retribution; but then he stays his hand, and there are few more pathetic scenes in the story than that in which the schoolmaster, after having broken down in his trial as a preacher, goes home bitterly feeling the disgrace which attaches to him as "a stickit minister," and is followed all the way by the limping steps of a poor little fellow whom he had one day accidentally crippled in his anger, and who has since become intensely attached to the master, who has tried to make up for that wrong by unusual kindness. One good result, at all events, springs out of Annie's attendance at the school. It is there that she becomes acquainted with Alec Forbes, a boy a few years older than herself, to whom from that time forward she devotes herself with all the force of a sensitive and enthusiastic nature. But it is not to the love-story contained in Mr. MacDonald's book that we now wish to call attention, though a purer and more charming one it would be hard to find. We pass on from Alec himself to some of Annie Anderson's religious teachers. One of these is Mr. Cowie, the minister—one of an old school—a worthy, kind-hearted man, "with nothing of what has been called *religious experience*. But he knew what some of his Lord's words meant, and amongst them certain words about little children. He had a feeling likewise of more instinctive origin, that to be kind to little children was an important branch of his office." So he receives Anne kindly when she ventures to visit him, and to ask him to lend her a poetry book. While speaking of her poetic studies we cannot refrain from mentioning the charming scene in which Annie recites the first ballad she had learnt to her young friends, Alec and Curly Macwha, in the shop of George Macwha, the carpenter. One may read it, and two or three others like it, over and over again with never-flagging pleasure. The next time Annie visits Mr. Cowie she is in deep distress. Thomas Crann, the stonemason, a Calvinist of the deepest dye—the delineation of whose character is a masterpiece of descriptive art—had persuaded her to go one Sunday evening to the "Missionary Kirk." There she listened to a terrible sermon by a preacher "to whom religion was clearly a reality, though not so clearly a gladness," and to whom, the moment she looked in his face, she submitted absolutely. The sermon was on the words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and it produced upon Annie the immediate conviction that she was one of the wicked, and that she was in danger of hell fire. When it was over, she crept out into the dark street as if into the Outer Darkness. "Her first impulse was to run to Alec and Curly, put her arms about their necks, and entreat them to flee from the wrath to come. But she could not find them to-night. She must go home." She would pray for herself and

* Alec Forbes of Howglen. By George MacDonald, M.A. London: Hurst & Blackett.

for them in her dark little garret, where she had prayed before against the rats, and had been heard. "But, alas, for poor Annie and her chapel-going! As she was creeping slowly up from step to step in the dark, the feeling came over her that it was no longer against rats, nor yet against evil things dwelling in the holes and corners of a neglected human world, that she had to pray. A spiritual terror was seated on the throne of the universe, and was called God—and to whom should she pray against it? Amidst the darkness a deeper darkness fell." Despair comes upon her, and in her deep distress she goes, as soon as she can find time to consult with Mr. Cowie on her trouble "Ye see, sir," she says, "I gaed last night to the Missionar Kirk to hear Mr. Broon, and he preached a gran' sermon, sir. But I haena been able to bide mysel', sir, syne; for I doobt I'n ane o' the wicked 'at God hates, and I'll never win to haven at a', for I canna help forgettin' him whiles. An' the wicked 'll be turned into hell, and a' the nations that forget God. That was his text, sir, and I canna bide it." Poor Mr. Cowie is sincerely anxious to console his little friend, but he is terribly hampered by the doctrines of his Church. He can only tell her not to trouble herself about predestination and election, for to those stumbling-blocks his conversation with her soon leads, and he gives her a shilling by way of relief to his own heart, and when she has left him he goes down on his knees and hides his face in his hands. Annie goes away comforted, but not convinced, and so, after a time, she tries another spiritual adviser, and confides her troubles to Thomas Crann. We would gladly, if space would permit, extract the record of her conversation with him, and the extremely powerful and poetical description he gives her of the night he spent in the peat moss, "cryin' to the Lord for grace," and of the joy that filled his heart afterwards when it was revealed to him that he was "ane of the chosen." But we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from the description of another interview between him and Annie at a later period, when her religious doubts and fears have vanished, and her religion has become to her an unalloyed delight. Thomas Crann has had his usually irritable temper still further embittered by illness, and the pain arising from a severe accident. There were times when he would fall into fits of doubting as to whether he really were one of the elect, and at such moments he was particularly savage if any one interrupted his devotions. If his house-keeper should then happen to call to him through the door, bolted against Time and its concerns—

"The saint who had been kneeling before God in utter abasement, self-contempt, and wretchedness, would suddenly wrench it open, a wrathful, indignant man, boiling brimful of angry words and unkind objurgations, through all which would be manifest, notwithstanding, a certain unhappy restraint. Having driven the enemy away in confusion, he would bolt his door again, and return to his prayers in two-fold misery, conscious of guilt, increased by unrighteous anger, and so of yet another wall of separation raised between him and his God."

On some such occasion as this he was disturbed one day by a visit of condolence from one of the deacons of his church:—

"Thomas was upon his knees by the fireside, with his plaid over his head. Startled by the weaver's entrance, he raised his head, and his rugged, leonine face, red with wrath, glared out of the thicket of his plaid upon the intruder."

In his anger, he drives away his well-meaning visitor, and then returns to his interrupted devotions. But he is conscious of having been ungenerous and unjust, and he feels "worse than ever, and more as if God had forgotten him, than he had felt for many a day." Presently there comes another knock, and little Annie Anderson enters the room. So he tells her to come and kneel down beside him, that they may pray together:—

"Without a word of reply, Annie kneeled by the side of his chair. Thomas drew the plaid over her head, took her hand, which was swallowed up in his, and, after a solemn pause, spoke thus:—'Oh, Lord, who dwellest in the licht inaccessible, whom mortal eye hath not seen nor can see, but who dwellest with him that is humble and contrite of heart, and liftest the licht o' thy countenance upo' them them that seek it, oh, Lord'—here the solemnity of the appeal gave way, before the out-bursting agony of Thomas's heart—'Oh, Lord, dinne lat's cry in vain, this thy lammie and me, thine auld sinner, but, for the sake o' Him who did no sin, forgive my sins and my vile temper, and help me to love my neighbour as mysel'. Let Christ dwell in me, and syne I shall be meek and lowly of heart like Him. Put thy speerit in me, and syne I shall do richt—no frae mysel', for I hae no good thing in me, but frae thy speerit that dwelleth in us.'"

After this prayer Thomas rises refreshed and hopeful, and sends Annie on a message of reconciliation to his former visitor, the weaver. There are many other similar passages in which Thomas Crann figures, over which we would gladly linger, but we have only space for one more extract. We will take it from the charming scene in which Annie is sitting with her blind friend, poor old Tibbie Dyster. A great affection has sprung up between the old woman and the young girl, and Annie, who has lately been studying Milton, has one evening been reading aloud to Tibbie, Samson's lamentation over his blindness. The description is very touching, of the blind woman listening to the end, without word of remark, her face turned towards the reader and her sightless balls rolling under their closed lids, and so is the dialogue which ensues, from which we extract the speech with which Tibbie closes a discussion

as to whether she knew what the word light meant—for Tibbie had been blind from earliest childhood:—

"'Ye dinna ken what it is,' objected Annie, with unnecessary persistency in the truth.

"'Do ye tell me that again?' returned Tibbie, harshly. 'Ye'll anger me, bairn. Gin ye kent hoo I lie awaak at nicht, no able to sleep, for thinkin' 'at the day will come whan I'll see—wi' my ain open een—the verra face o' Him that bore oor griefs an' carried oor sorrows, till I just lie and greit, for verra wissin', ye wadna say 'at I dinna ken what the sicht o' a body's een is! Ye maunna think, however, 'cause sic longin' thoughts come over me, that I gang about the hoose girnin' and compleenin' that I canna open the door and win oot. Na, na, I could jist despise the light, whiles, that ye mak' sic a work aboot, and sing and shout, as the Psalmist says; for I'm jist that glaid, that I dinna ken hoo to haud it in. For the Lord's my frien'. I can jist tell Him a' that comes into my puir blin' heid.'"

We think that we have quoted enough to justify the very strong admiration for the book which we expressed at the beginning. In these days of sensation novels it is as refreshing to meet with such a simple and yet powerful story as that of "Alec Forbes," as it is to step out from a heated ball-room into a moonlit garden redolent with the scent of flowers. So great is the dramatic art displayed in the book, that its characters seem to live and move before us; and in the record of their words and deeds, we scarcely know whether to admire most, the pathos or the humour which chequer it with mingled light and shade. And even higher than its artistic merits are we inclined to value those moral qualities which it possesses, the breadth of its views, the width of its sympathy with the struggles and sorrows of every human soul, the freedom of its religious ideas from all that is narrow and cramped and hard. It is one of the rare books which, when we have read them, we desire to keep by us, knowing that there will be times when we shall be glad to turn to them as we would turn to a trusty friend.

THE ARTS OF WRITING, READING, AND SPEAKING.*

VIRTUALLY out of materials supplied him by the labours of others, though professedly out of his own head, Mr. Cox has compiled a volume from which a great many can derive instruction, and a perusal of which may benefit a number who might think themselves beyond instruction in such matters. Without being pompous, the usual peculiarity of your *ex-cathedra* disclaimer, there is nevertheless a certain tone of claimed superiority about the book which is objectionable from more points of view than one. This obvious assumption of superiority over his reader is more apparent in this author's earlier than his later chapters. This air is imparted to the book not only by the frequent introduction of the personal pronoun I, but by the absence of that axiomatic language which is usually employed as the vehicle for instruction. The plea that the book, from the fact of its being a series of letters, admits of this peculiarity of diction, no more softens the offensively didactic air about it than the plea of a man being your intimate friend will make you forgive him the commission of any breach of politeness. In other respects the book pretty well achieves all it professes to attempt. There are one or two truisms in it however, which look rather silly in print. That pupil is hardly in a fit state of mind to read such a book as this who needs telling that "writing is a necessary part of education for all," and that oratory "is an art to be learned by careful study and laborious practice." Is Mr. Cox ironical when he says—"Take our politicians; go into the House of Commons, where you would expect to find all the members by virtue of their calling more or less competent to construct a sentence intelligibly and utter it decently"? And he adds, "These are the picked men, chosen by constituencies, as we should presume, because they could represent them creditably." Any schoolboy that shall believe this will gain a belief of which he will be quickly disabused at the first election meeting he attends, or the first time he visits Westminster.

Mr. Cox's most satisfactory letter is upon style. What he has to say upon the subject is just and to the point. The subjoined extract offers a very good specimen of his own as well as his opinion of style:—

"It is usual with teachers to urge emphatically the importance of cultivating style, and to prescribe ingenious recipes for its production. All these proceed upon the assumption that style is something artificial, capable of being taught, and which may and should be learned by the student, like spelling or grammar. But if the definition of style which I have submitted to you is right, these elaborate trainings are a needless labour—probably a positive mischief. I do not design to say that a style might not be taught to you; but it will be the style of some other man, not your own; and not being your own, it will no more fit your mind than a second-hand suit of clothes, bought without measurement at a pawnshop, would fit your body, and your appearance in it will be as ungainly. But you must not gather from this that you are not to concern yourself about style, that it may be left to take care of itself, and that you will require only to write or speak as untrained nature prompts. I say that you must cultivate style; but I say also that the style to be cultivated should be your own and not the style of another."

Mr. Cox professes an abhorrence for the diction of contemporary newspapers and periodicals. "Reading," he says, "day by day

* The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking. In Letters to a Law Student. By Edward W. Cox. London: Horace Cox.

compositions teeming with bad taste, and especially where the Cockney style floods you with its conceits and affectations, you unconsciously fall into the same vile habit." Having indicated the evil, he suggests a remedy in the daily perusal of a page or so of Dryden, Swift, or such classics. It cannot be denied that there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Cox says. Nevertheless, some exceptions must be made before we can agree with him in his contempt for the style of what may be called our fugitive literature.

In his twenty-sixth letter, our author enters into a disquisition upon the nature and the relative merits of wit and humour. He attempts, lame enough, a definition of what has never yet been successfully defined. He says:—"Humour is provoked by unexpected incongruity suddenly discovered in things apparently like; wit is the sudden discovery of unexpected resemblances in things apparently unlike." Mr. Cox's notion of wit agrees with Johnson's, contained in one of the papers in the *Idler*. But we take his opinion of humour to be wrong. His definition is not nearly subtle enough. It is the definition rather of fun, of caricature. How can Mr. Cox find room for the element of pathos in that merriment which is provoked by the spectacle of unexpected incongruity? And how does Mr. Cox hope to properly define humour without admitting into his definition a consideration of the pathetic element? He says, and says justly, that the French excel in wit, whilst we excel in humour; but to oppose, as he does, our *Punch* to their *Charivari*, as illustrative of the contrast between wit and humour, proves Mr. Cox to be quite insensible to the true meaning of humour. Since the days of Leech and Hood there has been but little humour in *Punch*. Plenty of fun, we grant—caricature, pun, equivoque, merry sallies. But if Mr. Cox selects *Punch* as illustrative of his idea of humour, then we must change the terms, and call such men as Hood, Lamb, Smith, and the other humorists *par excellence*, "wags;" droll fellows, but nothing more. No; let Mr. Cox take our word for it, humour is not so prevalent a quality as he believes. For every one man born a humorist there are fifty thousand born capable of being funny.

THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY.*

"THE Champagne Country" is a volume purporting to convey the experiences of its author, Mr. Tomes, acquired by a visit to the famous old French town of Rheims—that town so dear to the souls of diners-out. It is an unpretending composition, not devoid of a certain quiet humour, and enlivened here and there by a tolerable anecdote. It is obviously the work of an American; we do not believe that an Englishman would take such a delight as Mr. Tomes does in "showing up" the vagaries and eccentricities of English travellers. Here is a specimen. It appears that a stout John Bull visited Rheims, and on entering the Lion d'Or, inquired if Rheims was the town in which champagne was made. On learning that it was, he made his way into the dining-room, and taking up a list of the various champagnes, ordered brand No. 1 to be brought him. He then called for the second, then for the third, and so on, until he was too intoxicated to call for any more. We will let Mr. Tomes finish his story:—

"The waiter now, as he had been previously directed by the eccentric Englishman, made a mark on the wine-list with a pencil to indicate the point to which the force of swallow of the capacious guest had brought him. On the next day, at an early hour, the Englishman resumed his day's work, beginning where he had left off, and drank bottle after bottle until he could drink no more. The waiter again made his mark; and once more, on the third day, the Englishman, having partly slept off during the night the effects of the wine, came to his work with renewed vigour. He did as he had done before, and this time finished the list, but was borne off insensible to bed. Next morning he was prepared to continue his labours, but finding by an inspection of the wine-card that his work was done, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, paid his bill, and took the first train for Paris."

It appeared that this stout sample of English mortality had consumed twelve bottles of champagne in three days. Mr. Tomes is happy in his descriptions. His account of the great cathedral is well done. His love of architecture is evidently great; and he criticises it intelligently and appreciatively. He becomes tedious, however, when he gets upon the subjects of the saints and religion. The account of St. Remi should have been curtailed; indeed it could have been well spared. Nor was it necessary, in appealing as he does to an enlightened public, to volunteer any solution to the enigma of the St. Remi miracle. There was little occasion for him to insist upon the absurdity of supposing that "all the laws of nature had been suddenly abolished for the sake of sending to the impatient priest, direct from heaven, a phial of Venetian glass, filled with hog's lard and scented with bergamot." The narrative of Joan of Arc is also superfluous. People nowadays hardly want to be told that it was Joan of Arc who was called Maid of Orleans, that it was she who anointed Charles VII. with the sacred oil, that it was she who organized and conducted the siege of Rheims. The most interesting portion of this book is that which more immediately relates to the wines of the country. Mr. Tomes seems to have collected some interesting facts with regard to the exportation and consumption of champagne. Rheims, he declares, exports no less than thirteen millions of bottles annually, of which the United States take two millions. England, Russia, and the East

Indies receive each about the same quantity, and form with the United States the four chief consumers. France comes next; then Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Africa. It appears, however, that the wine exported is not so good as the wine retained by the manufacturers for "domestic use."

"Brought," says Mr. Tomes, "by my official duties into direct and constant association with the wine manufacturers and partaking of their hospitality, I had frequent occasion to test at their convivial tables, the quality of their champagne. I had hardly turned off the first glass when I remarked a flavour of which my palate, though not unused to the best of Heidsieck, Mumm and Moët, and Chandon, in America, had been hitherto unconscious. . . . My taste had recognised for the first time in a glass of champagne the flavour of fine wine, and was lingering in the enjoyment of its mellow richness. My host caught the expression of my satisfaction, and said, 'You don't get such wine in America,' adding, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, 'we keep that for ourselves and friends.'"

There is a good deal of such information to be extracted from Mr. Tomes' book. Indeed we are rather inclined to recommend it to the lover of champagne for the chance of its supplying him with hints for which he might be grateful. But for one or two Americanisms which too closely resemble vulgarisms to please an English ear, the book is agreeably and fluently written.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON, of M'Gill's College, Montreal, opens the *Geological Magazine* with an article on the "Palaeozoic Insects recently Discovered in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick." It is remarkable that the coal-field of Nova Scotia, although rich in the fossil remains of plants, gave no evidence of former insect life—save in one instance—up to last year. This one exception was an insect whose head and other fragments were found by Dr. Dawson in the "coprolite" of a reptile inclosed in the trunk of an erect *Sigillaria*. The fact, however, that last year the discovery of a number of insect remains was made by Mr. Barnes, of Halifax, shows us how careful we should be in asserting the absence of species from any particular fauna when our knowledge of the locality is incomplete. The wings of the specimens discovered by Mr. Barnes have been figured by Professor Dawson, and appear to be in a state of wonderful preservation, the most minute nervules being distinctly perceived. The zoological examination of one of the wings shows it to have belonged to the great group of *ephemeridæ* or day-flies, and the species has been named *Haplophlebius Barnesii*, in compliment to its discoverer. It would seem from the calculations of entomologists that the insect to which the wing belonged was larger than our large dragon-fly, as it must have measured from wing to wing at least seven inches. The picture which the contemplation of this relic conveys to the imagination of Dr. Dawson is given in the following remarks:—"When we consider that the larvae of such creatures inhabit the water and delight in muddy bottoms rich in vegetable matter, we can easily understand that the swamps and creeks of carboniferous Acadia, with its probable mild and equable climate, must have been especially favourable to such creatures, and we can imagine the larvae of these gigantic *ephemeridæ* swarming in the deep black mud of the ponds in these swamps, and furnishing a great part of the food of the fishes inhabiting them, while the perfect insects, emerging from the water to enjoy their brief space of aerial life, would flit in millions over the quiet pools and through the dense thickets of the coal-swamps." The rest of Dr. Dawson's article is devoted to descriptions of certain Devonian (fossil) insects.—The subject of English carboniferous insects forms the next paper, which is by Mr. J. W. Kirkby. The species here described, however, belong to a different group from those recorded by Professor Dawson. They seem all to belong to the orthoptera, a group which includes the singular praying mantis and the grotesque walking-stick insect.—"Railway Geology" is the first of a series of papers, by Mr. Macintosh, on the structure of railway cuttings and the geological lessons they teach. Such papers are both interesting and useful. The sections passed frequently by the railway traveller are always instructive, and are occasionally the clue to many a geological mystery; we think Mr. Macintosh's papers are, therefore, a feature of importance as well as novelty. In the present article he describes the sections to be seen in travelling from Exeter to Newton-Bushell and Moreton Hampstead, and he illustrates the various points to be noticed by a series of rough but characteristic woodcuts.—Miss E. Hodgson gives a short but intelligible account of the moulded limestones of Farness, and though the sketch accompanying her paper displays little that is new to the experienced geologist, it gives a capital idea of the general character of "moulded and indented" limestone.—The notices of Memoirs, Reviews, Reports, and Correspondence contain geological information which cannot be found in any other scientific publication.

The first paper in the *Journal of Botany* is from the pen of Mr. Andrew Murray, and gives us the botanical details of a new species of conifer (the pine family) from Arctic America, which is well represented in an adjoining coloured plate by Fitch and Vincent Brooks. This is the most northerly tree which has yet been met with in the north-west coast of America. The discovery seems to have been shared by Lieutenant Bedford Pim and Dr. B. Seemann, the latter having given a description of the tree, which he has named *Abies alba*. The *A. alba* grows to a height of about fifty feet, and is from four to five feet in circumference. Specimens of the wood may be seen at the Kew museum.—"Contributions to British Lichenology" is an essay of about four pages, by Mr. Isaac Carroll. Mr. Carroll is a most distinguished and industrious student of British lichens, and is one of our best authorities, and we have every respect for his knowledge and reputation, but we would implore him, in the real interests of science, to compose his future essays in his mother tongue. The

* The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes. London: Routledge.

days of scientific Latinity are dead. Mr. Carroll's four pages of Latin are most botanically accurate, but they can hardly be styled classical, and they are certainly not pleasant reading.—The common maiden-hair fern of these countries is known technically as *Adiantum capillus Veneris*, but it is not on this species but on the *A. capillus Junonis* that Dr. Hance gives us an article. The author describes the maiden-hair fern of China, a very rare species, and of which the account given by Dr. Duprech is extremely meagre, though unique. Dr. Hance found it in abundance on the walls of Canton, and has given a good scientific account of its habits and botanical characters.—Mr. Branden publishes a note on a Tahitian fungus, which is largely imported into China and Australia. It is named *Teria iore* (rat's ear) by the natives of Tahiti from its supposed resemblance to the ear of a rat. This fungus first began to be collected in 1863, and in China, where it is used for soup, it fetches about twenty cents per pound.—Papers by Mr. A. Ernst on "The Plants Cultivated in the Valley of the Caracas," and by Dr. Hance on *Penthorum Chinense*, conclude the number.

In the *Intellectual Observer*, Mr. John Browning, the well-known optician and astronomer, gives us an account of "Mars during the Late Opposition." One of the author's objects would seem to be to show how easily even difficult observations may be made with his newly-contrived "silvered glass" specula. Now, though we have no doubt that Mr. Browning never intended his article to be an advertisement for his wares, still there are sceptical persons who may put this interpretation on the matter. We think, therefore, it would have been better in writing a general paper had Mr. Browning omitted all notice of a species of reflector, on whose merits, though we have the highest opinion of them, it must still be admitted that all astronomers do not hold the same views. The paper itself is most interesting, and though it contains little that is new as the result of observation, it is of great value because it supplies us with those little details which none but one of Mr. Browning's great experience could supply.—Mr. C. W. Heaton's paper on "The Functions of the Blood" is a very well compiled and instructive summary of the results of modern research, but it leaves the question of function pretty nearly where it took it up. It is in great measure a *rechauffée* of an article published by the same writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. We think that Mr. Heaton exceeds the limits of fair dogmatism when he alleges that oxidation is effected (exclusively, as we understand him) by the direct agency of the corpuscles. In the nutrition of those parts and tissues into which the corpuscles cannot enter oxidation must occur, yet it evidently is not through the direct agency of bodies which cannot reach them. Again, we would ask is there no nutrition in animals whose blood contains no corpuscles properly so called? It would be well, too, if in future Mr. Heaton would employ a more rational terminology, such distinctions as those between force and heat are not only confusing but inaccurate.—Those who wish to know something about the geography (if we may use such an expression) of the moon, should read a paper on the "Lunar Clefts," by the Rev. T. Webb.—Mr. W. Houghton (whom we take to be the Rev. W. Houghton, of Wellington) contributes a pleasant paper upon the food of the salmon. The facts are not strikingly new, but the inferences are ingenious and suggestive. Mr. Houghton asks why it is that the salmon's stomach rarely or never seems to contain anything in the shape of food. He takes up the various explanations of this remarkable fact, discusses them *seriatim*, and finds them wanting in truth. The conclusion then at which he arrives is, that though the salmon eats voraciously when in salt water, when in fresh water he seldom feeds, but rather lives on the fat stored up during his marine sojourn.—"A Synopsis of the British Ostracoda" is a paper on certain species of water-fleas, by Mr. G. S. Brady. It is illustrated by two handsomely-tinted plates, but the subject has already—if we mistake not—been exhaustively dealt with by Dr. Baird and other writers.—With the exception of one communication, that on "An April Climb in the Himalayas," the rest of the contents is editorial. The exception deserves notice for its style alone, the author opening with an account of the sun's emergence from "cumuloid clouds that screened the eastern heavens."

Besides numerous articles of professional interest, the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* contains a very important statistical paper, by Dr. Charles Parsons, on the prevalence of bronchitis in England. "If any one," says the writer, "has a doubt as to the prevalence of bronchitis in the kingdom, let him, any Sunday in the winter—the colder and moister the better—visit some well-filled church, and during the sermon let his attention be devoted to the congregation, and he will probably be amazed at the perfect volley of coughing which meets his ear from time to time, when the preacher pauses. There will be every variety of cough probably—from that of common catarrh down to the wheezing, suffocating cough of permanent, old-established bronchitis and asthma." The figures which Dr. Parsons quotes from the Registrar General's returns sufficiently prove the truth of his opinion that the most fatal disease in England, next to consumption, is bronchitis. An extract from the returns from 1854, when cholera was epidemic, will show the enormous mortality from this affection. The figures are as follows:—1854—phthisis, 51,284; convulsions, 24,579; pneumonia, 23,523; cholera, 20,097; bronchitis, 20,062. Dr. Parsons concludes that it is high time that the causes of this fatality should be investigated, and we cordially agree with him.

The *American Naturalist* is a Transatlantic monthly, devoted to zoology and botany, and one, too, which promises to be successful; its print, paper, and illustrations are excellent. It is in its first year of existence, and this, the fifth number, though not containing many original papers, is full of good popular scientific matter. The article on the Sea-horse and its Young, by the Rev. Samuel Lockwood, is just what such a paper should be—clear, accurate, and intelligible to any educated reader. This journal is published by the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., U.S.A.

If the present number of *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* is not read by every one who takes the faintest interest in natural history, we shall be much surprised. It is full of the most attractive chit-chat about birds, beasts, and fishes; but this is not all. It contains an article on one of the most important subjects in the whole range of

biological philosophy, and by one of the ablest exponents of those wonderful laws which regulate the production and existence of species. We need only say that the first paper is on the disguises of insects, and that its author is no less distinguished a zoologist than Mr. Alfred R. Wallace. The author dwells upon the peculiar disguises by which certain animals are preserved from falling a prey to others, and thus become permanent races; while less fortunate species are destroyed by their pursuers, and so become extinguished. He selects as illustrations the curious stick-insect, the lappet-moth, the buff-tip moth, the orange-tip butterfly, and certain Indian butterflies. These have been most artistically and correctly reproduced by Mr. G. W. Ruffle, and they are veritable zoological puzzles. The stick-insect especially so; indeed, we venture to say that nine persons out of ten would be unable at first sight to distinguish the insect from the plant on which it stands, so extraordinary is the resemblance between the two.

The *Astronomical Register* contains an account of the discovery of the new planet by Peters and Tietjens. There are also short papers on the August meteors, Jupiter without his Satellites, and the Astronomical occurrences for September.

The *Naturalist's Circular* has a paper on "Amateur Societies and their Work," from which we gather that one of the first duties of a field-club is to send its report to the *Circular*, and the next in order of importance is to use its influence in obtaining "notices of the Circular in local and provincial newspapers." Modesty is not a quality which seems to adorn the pages of this little publication.

Dr. Inman, of Liverpool, continues his series of papers on Hygiene in the *Medical Mirror*, and adduces various arguments which prove to his satisfaction that cleanliness is not necessarily akin to godliness.

According to the *Artisan*, a huge bridge is about to be erected over the Mississippi, thus connecting the city of St. Louis with the railways of the Northern States. The *Artisan* describes the projected structure, and estimates its cost at 5,000,000 dollars.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A LETTER from Mr. Edmund Yates was read the other day at the National Eisteddfod, Carmarthen, which must have given great dissatisfaction to the enthusiastic Welshmen there assembled. A prize of £20 had been awarded by Mr. W. Banting, and a silver medal by the Council, for the best poem or song (in English) by a Welshman or a Welshwoman; and Mr. Yates was requested to act as judge of the several compositions sent in. In a communication to the Council of the Eisteddfod he says that he cannot refrain from recommending that body to exercise its power "of withholding the prize from all the competitors, on the ground that none of them possess sufficient merit to entitle them to it." The adjudicator proceeds:—"It is useless, and it would be invidious, to particularize cases; some of the contributors seem ignorant of the meaning of metre; others scorn the claims of rhyme; but nearly all of them seem to think that a great display of patriotism amply atones for other deficiencies; and as 'Wales' unfortunately rhymes with 'dales' and 'vales,' we are deluged with a vast amount of national fervour, thrown in without the least regard to the context, and with very little reverence for sense or grammar. The worst feature in the whole display is, that there does not appear to be the least spark of anything fresh or beyond the mere parrot cry just mentioned—national." We have of course had no opportunity of seeing the poems thus condemned in wholesale by Mr. Yates, and are therefore quite incompetent to express any opinion of our own on their merits or demerits; but we can very well understand that the adjudicator had good grounds for his judgment. The competitors were probably all men and women of a humble and imperfectly-educated class; for, if in Wales there is a literary order at all, apart from simple antiquarianism (of which we are not aware), it is not likely that any one of that order would enter into such a strife. It is therefore to be expected that the character of the verses would be poor and common-place. Moreover, the aspirants for the prize wrote in a language which, as Mr. Yates observes, is scarcely their own. Consequently, a degree of restraint would be felt, which would effectually smother any gleams of the old bardic fire, such as might possibly have lurked in the hearts of some of the writers. Yet a further consideration, and one of the most important, is this: that the particular kind of genius which we understand by "bardic fire" has a readiness to acquire a look of insincerity, violence, and clap-trap, when reproduced in another language, in modern times, and with the highly self-conscious art of modern metrical forms. We have no sort of doubt that many of the ancient Welsh poems are full of power, passion, picturesqueness, and grandeur: some of the translated specimens we have seen warrant much of what the Cambrians say of them. But their tendency, as that of all primitive poetry composed by semi-barbarians, is to a certain form of exaggeration, and to what, with the greater self-restraint of modern times, would be called braggadocio; and this feebly imitated by modern men and women becomes intolerable. By the way, it is remarkable that Wales, with all her Eisteddfods, and what Mr. Matthew Arnold regards as her superior natural culture, as compared with "the Saxon," has added almost nothing in recent centuries to the common stock of our literature. Scotland and Ireland have contributed many rich territories to the empire of English letters; but where is the Welsh Scott or Burns, or Burke or Goldsmith? Perhaps some member of the Eisteddfod will tell us.

All will rejoice to hear that the report, to which we alluded a fortnight ago, of the precarious state of Mr. Dickens's health, is entirely devoid of truth. How it originated we know not; but there appear to be certain persons who find a singular and occult pleasure in inventing and circulating false reports with reference to the health of men of eminence. Mr. Dickens is at the present time perfectly well, and is busy, at his country residence, Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester, on a new work which is to appear in one of the American journals. Fortunately for himself and for his readers, he understands the art of preserving his constitution from the ravages inseparable from the pur-

suit of any intellectual occupation, and especially incidental to the calling of a writer of fiction, who has to go through a world of emotions (and some of them very painful emotions), over and above those which he shares in common with all other human beings. The mere act of imaginative creation is exhausting; and in proportion to the intensity, power, and vividness of the creation is the degree of "wear and tear" which the artist suffers. Hence the temptation, which writers are not always strong enough to resist, of recruiting their energies by the ready aid of stimulants. Mr. Dickens follows a wiser course. He seeks the great restorative processes of Nature, and, by a country life, by early hours, by a large amount of exercise in the open air, and by attention to the great sanitary laws of life, balances the activity of his head by fair play to his physical being. He does not consider genius any warrant for neglecting such matters; and so we may hope to have him working among us, and increasing the stock of our pleasures, for many years to come.

Some doubt having been felt as to the reception he would be likely to meet with in America, on account of the way in which he wrote about the United States some quarter of a century ago, the *New York Tribune* remarks:—"It is not necessary to depreciate, as some of our contemporaries incline to do, a possible hostility towards Mr. Dickens on the part of the American public. No such feeling exists. Our people do, indeed, remember the 'American Notes,' and the satirical chapters in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and are, no doubt, of opinion that, as a matter of taste, Mr. Dickens might well have been more gracious. But, on the other hand, our people like free speech, and appreciate frankness—not forgetting that truth should be the North Star of authorship, and that there is a good deal of truth in what Mr. Dickens said about us on returning from his first visit to this country. From the first until now, the great novelist has been true to his duty. At home as well as abroad, he has attacked every form of social abuse, and rebuked injustice, and laughed at folly, and inculcated sound principles, and faithfully laboured to refine the character and extend the scope of human happiness; and in pursuing that work, he has necessarily struck hard blows, and offended arrogant injustice, and wounded self-love, and aroused enmity. But he has not aroused enmity here. Of all people on earth, the Americans are necessarily foremost to recognise a spirit that has purely and powerfully laboured for the advancement of the human race; and they recognise such a spirit in Charles Dickens. To remind them that he once satirized some of their follies and eccentricities, or that he somewhat mistook their character and institutions, is not to blind their eyes to his genius, or deaden their sense of his great achievements."

The *Athenaeum* informs us that "the Queen's book has been printed, and will shortly be given to the public. Her Majesty describes, in her own fresh and feminine style, a series of journeys, chiefly made by the royal party in Scotland. A good deal of guide-book matter is thrown into the narrative, and there are many pleasant references to her travelling companions and servants. From this book the public will learn something authentic about the Prince Consort's gillie, who has recently attained a sort of grotesque notoriety."

The Early English Text Society has just issued the following works:—"The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman, together with Vita de Dowel, Dobet, et Dobest, secundum Wit et Resoun, by William Langland, 1362 A.D., edited from the Vernon MS., collated with five other MSS., by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; and Lewins's "Manipulus Verborum," our earliest Rhyming Dictionary, 1570 A.D., edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley.

Mr. John Oxenford, the dramatic writer and critic, is now in New York, contributing to the *Times* a series of papers on the American stage.

The fact of Mr. J. Francis Barnett having made a cantata out of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" reminds us of the magnificent capabilities for pictorial illustration which that poem presents. M. Gustave Doré is fond of illustrating English works: here is a subject singularly fitted to his weird and fantastic genius. We recommend him to consider it.

From France we hear that some enterprising publisher of "sensational" works has announced a volume entitled "Lettres Inédites de la Femme Frigard." The letters of a murderer! What charming light literature for the hot, lazy autumn days!

M. Francis Lacombe, a well-known contributor to several of the Paris papers, and author of "L'Histoire du Bourgeoisie de Paris" and "La Monarchie en Europe," has just died at Arlachon.

A printer at Nice, M. Gauthier, who had been favoured by the custom of the Prefecture, having been warned by the authorities that he would lose that privilege if he continued to print a certain independent journal, gallantly refused to accept such terms, which he said would compromise his honour. "My presses," he wrote to the Prefect, "belong to whoever wishes to use them in conformity with the law. To refuse them to a journal because it displeases you would be to abuse the privilege which the law confers on me; and to consent to the compact proposed to me would be, I repeat, to sacrifice my honour, and that of my firm, for mere pelf. I cannot do it." It is to be hoped that other printers who may be similarly exposed to the insolence of office will act with equal courage and dignity.

A new paper is about to be brought out in Paris, with the title of *Carte de Jour*. It will consist simply of the bills of fare for the day of all the restaurants of Paris, with a list of prices, and will form a body of reading for the epicure of the most entrancing description. There was once a lady whose favourite literature was that of cookery books, which she said gave her an appetite. The new Paris paper will translate some people to the seventh heaven of gastronomic pleasure.

Professor E. B. Cowell has been charged by the late Bishop Cotton's widow with the editing of the lamented Prelate's Memoirs and Correspondence.

Mrs. (Longworth) Yelverton—if she may be still so called—has left England for America, with a view to writing a book on the present state of society in that country, and to giving public readings.

Mr. John Hill Burton has been appointed by the Queen Historiographer for Scotland.

Count C. F. Vitztham d'Eckstadt, who has represented Saxony at the Court of St. James's for many years, is about to publish a collection of hitherto unpublished letters and documents from the Dresden archives, under the title of "Maurice, Count of Saxony, and Maria Josepha of Saxony, Dauphine of France."

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press—"Essays on a Liberal Education," edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar; "A Book of Mathematical Problems on Subjects included in the Cambridge Course," by Joseph Wolstenholme; "A Manual of Mood Constructions," by the Rev. E. Thring; "The Sicilian Expedition," being Books VI. and VII. of Thucydides, with notes by the Rev. Percival Frost, a new edition, revised and enlarged, with a map; a new edition of "Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Rugby School," by F. Temple, D.D.; and "On the Nature of the Atonement," by John MacLeod Campbell, D.D.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. announce for the ensuing season (among other works) "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Philip Francis," commenced by the late Joseph Parkes, continued and edited by Herman Merivale; "The Life of the Baron Bunsen," drawn chiefly from family papers, and edited by his son, George von Bunsen; "The Irish in America," by John Francis Maguire, M.P.; "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, and Mendelssohn," translated from the German by Lady Wallace; "Ancient Parliamentary Elections, a History showing how the Earliest Parliaments of England were Instituted, how they were Elected, and who Elected them," by Hornerham Cox; Vol. III. of the "History of India," by John Clark Marshman, bringing down the historical narrative of events to the close of Lord Dalhousie's administration, and completing the work; "History of the French in India, from the founding of Pondicherry, in 1674, to its Capture in 1761," by Major G. B. Malleson; "A Dictionary of General Biography, containing Concise Memoirs and Notices of the most Eminent Persons of all Countries," from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, with a Classified and Chronological Index of the Principal Names," edited by William L. R. Cates.

Messrs. MOXON & Co. announce Tennyson's "Vivien" and "Guinevere," illustrated by eighteen drawings by Gustave Doré, which are to be published as photographs, artists' proofs, and line engravings; a new and revised edition, with important additions, of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," to range with that author's "Complete Works;" the Registrar-General of Seamen's edition of Dani's "Manual of Seamanship;" a new edition of Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters of Keats;" the first volume of an enlarged and revised edition of Charles Lamb's "Life and Letters;" and that author's "Eliana," uniform with the "Essays of Elia;" also Vol. II. of Moxon's "Standard Penny Readings;" and two new volumes of the Miniature Series, being Selections from the Poems of Sir Walter Scott and of Lord Houghton.

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS' new works in the press include "The Tenants of Malory," by J. S. Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas," &c., 3 vols.; and "The Pretty Widow," by C. H. Ross, 2 vols.

Messrs. S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co. will publish at the end of October Mrs. Howitt's "Christmas Book for the Young," entitled "Our Four-footed Friends," embellished with first-class engravings of horses, dogs, elephants, cats, &c., made from drawings by Harrison Weir.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ashtons (The). By Jane Kinley. 16mo., 1s.
 Bible (The). Illustrated by G. Doré. 2 vols. Folio, £8.
 Brierley (B.). Daisy Nook Sketches. Fcap., 1s.
 Book (The) of God: an Introduction to the Apocalypse. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Brock (Mrs. C.). Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours. 2nd series. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Carlen (Emilie). Working and Waiting. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Chateaubriand's Atala. Illustrated by G. Doré. Folio, £2. 2s.
 Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. With Notes by T. Wright. New edit. Royal 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Christian Lyrics, chiefly from Modern Authors. Illustrated. Small 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Cooke (M. C.). A Fern-Book for Everybody. 3rd edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Copaley Annals. By the Author of "The End of Life." 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Cruden's Concordance to the Bible. Edited by W. Youngman. New edit. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Danton (M. E.). The Earth and its Inhabitants. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Dodge (M. E.). The Silver Skates. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Elliott (W.). Carolina Sports by Land and Water. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 English Cyclopedia (The). Edited by C. Knight. Re-issue.—Biography. Vol. IV. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Field Exercises and Evolutions of Infantry, 1867. Large edit. 8vo., 4s.
 Fitzpatrick (W. J.). Ireland before the Union. 2nd edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Grandineau (F.). Le Petit Precepteur. 34th edit. 16mo., 3s.
 Hodder (E.). The Junior Clerk: a Tale. 3rd edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Jones (B. C.). One Hundred Lectures on the Greek Poets, &c. 6th series. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Juvenal and Persius. Edited by Rev. A. J. Maclean. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s.
 Lackland (T.). Homespun; or, Five and Twenty Years Ago. Cr. 8vo., 7s.
 London (Mrs.). Entertaining Naturalist. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s.
 Lytton (Lord). Last Days of Pompeii. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Macleod (Rev. Dr. N.). The Starling: a Scotch Story. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16s.
 Majendie (Captain V. D.). Descriptive Treatise on Ammunition. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Martyn (Rev. H.). Life and Letters of. By Rev. J. Sargent. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Monckhoun (D. Van). Treatise on Photography. 2nd edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Mursell (Rev. A.). Readings from "Lectures to Working Men." Fcap., 1s.
 Rogg (Rev. T.). Creation's Testimony to its God. 11th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Reid (Captain Mayne). The Giraffe Hunters. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Report of the Committee on the Venereal Disease in the Army and Navy. 8vo., 4s.
 Roberts (Captain). Never Caught. New and cheaper edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Scott (Sir W.). Novels. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 3s. (Hotten's Cheap Edition.)
 Seven Sermons on Prayer, Preached at Hagley, during Lent, 1867. Fcap., 2s.
 Smith (Jas.). Letter to the Duke of Buccleuch on the Quadrature of the Circle. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Spence (L. M.). Civil Service Geography. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Sunday Magazine (The). Edited by Rev. T. Guthrie. Vol. for 1867. Royal 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Terence Phormio. Construed literally by Dr. Giles. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Wood (Rev. J. G.). Animal Traits and Characteristics. 2nd edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Xenophon's Anabasis. Books I. and II. Construed literally by Dr. Giles. 18mo., 2s. 6d.